

AND GET READY FOR ACTION!

THE SELF-DENIAL WEEK

From DEC. 1st to DEC. 8th.

WAR

CRY

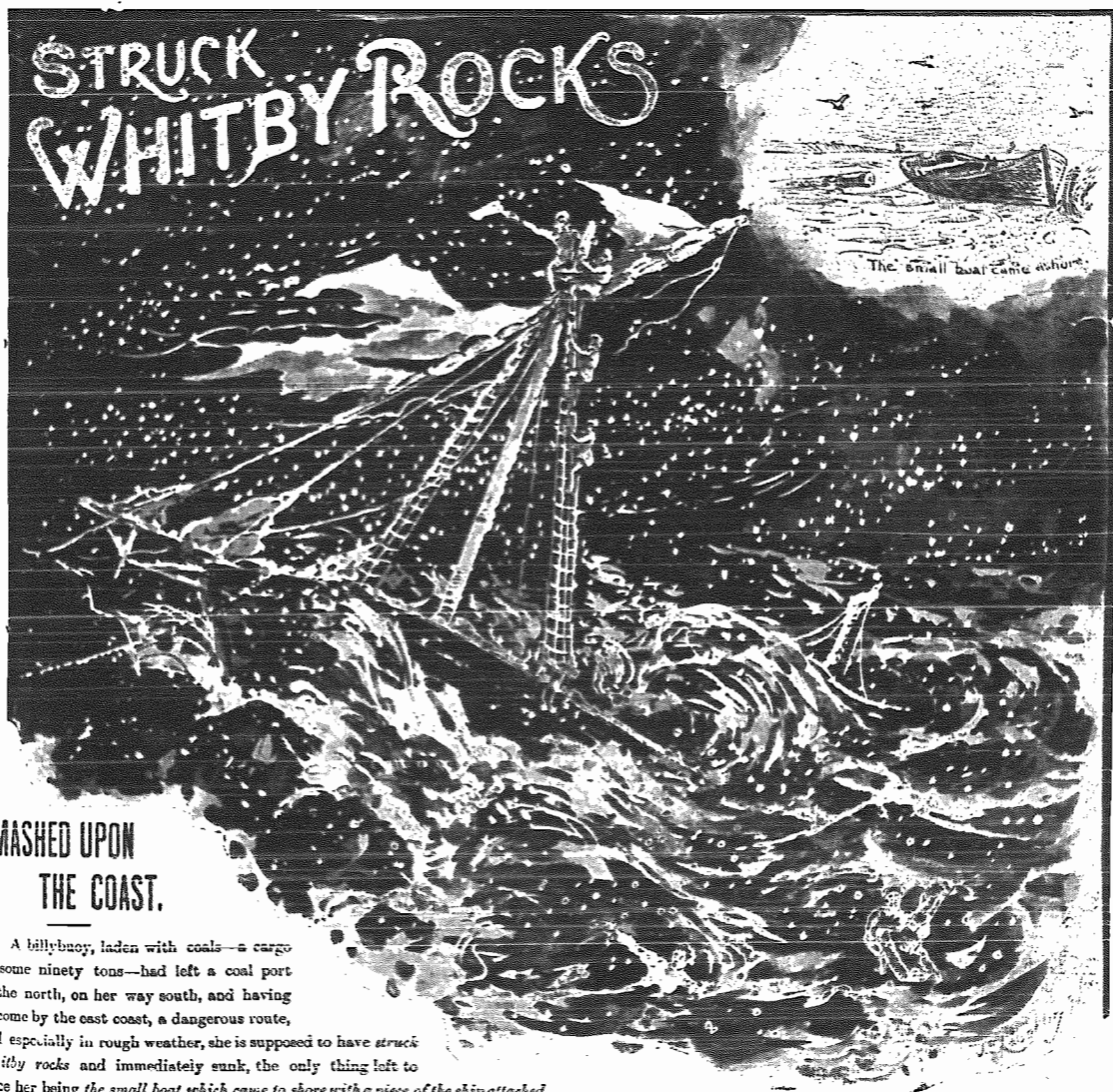


VOL. XL. No. 5. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, NOV. 3, 1894.

[HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.]

PRICE 5 CENTS.



SMASHED UPON THE COAST.

A billy-buoy, laden with coals—a cargo of some ninety tons—had left a coal port in the north, on her way south, and having to come by the east coast, a dangerous route, and especially in rough weather, she is supposed to have *struck* Whitby rocks and immediately sunk, the only thing left to trace her being the small boat which came to shore with a piece of the ship attached to the line, which was enough to show that the ship was a wreck and sunk.

The ship is gone, the coals are gone, and the three men and boy gone, too. The ship and the coals at the bottom; the bodies of the crew, too. GONE.

But, reader, they must rise again. I was talking with an old man of eighty-one who knew them, when he said, "I should not think any of them were Christians, and, poor fellows, no chance; for they would be dead in two or three minutes."

Does some one say, "Poor fellows, lost, and no chance to be saved!" So far as their bodies are concerned, no chance at all; for it was a terrible

night in March, wind blowing them on to the rocks, and a blinding snow-storm. At sea in a terrible storm, and without Christ—terrible indeed! The thought of the cry of these men rings in my ears.

Lost! lost! lost! No hope! Dying! and, according to report, without Christ! without hope! GONE! Where? Is heaven a reality? "Yes," says the reader: "Yes," says the writer. Is hell a reality? Do you, reader, say, "I am not sure?" The writer says, "Hell is a reality." Christ says it. That's enough. Settled for ever. Christ says it. God says it. He cannot lie. Reader, are you ready for a sudden change, in two or three minutes say? Oh, do think this out! Look into the face of this question! Decide! decide! decide! What is the reply? Lost or saved? Hell or heaven? Which?

THE GENERAL'S TOUR AGAIN.

Lavish Enthusiasm from Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa.

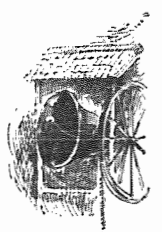
"TAUGHT CHRISTIANITY A LESSON OF LOVE AND EARNESTNESS."

THE GHOST OF A SKELETON.

The Ministerial Association's Welcome.

MRS. COMMANDANT BOOTH'S SUNSHINY PRESENCE

BY THE INTERNATIONAL "WAR CRY" CORRESPONDENT.



Tolling the church bell to announce "The Darkest England" meeting

them, every one. I have in my portfolio outline biographies of several of these comrades, which I will prepare as soon as time permits.

We were thinking of getting to sleep when the train drew up at Newcastle, about half-past ten, and a messenger ran through the car to where the General sat, and told him that the local corps had come to the depot to greet him. The night was dark and windy, but our chieftain at once went to the steps; was the recipient of a hearty cheer from the mixed crowd, and then, lighted by a lantern which the Commandant held aloft, with the breezes

Scattering His Silvery Hair

about his face, he responded:—"It is very kind of you to come out to meet me in this way. Here I am, good to look at, and feeling good also. You can be good, too; live in the same life and have the same blessings that I found fifty years ago. Though so large a door of usefulness as was set before me may not be open to you, yet God Almighty is willing to take you and change your lives, so that the people round about you in your shops, and in your homes, will bless you while you live, and mourn over you when you die."

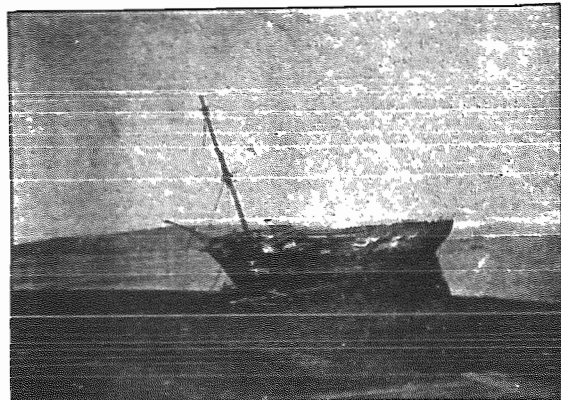
"I notice that many of you are young. Life is before you. May I not ask what you are going to do with it? Money or

position may not be within your attainments, but you have got a treasure of treasures, and that is your life. You may say to yourself what life you will live—that of a wise man, one that will be a blessing or else a curse. I vote for every one of your lives being a wise one. (Villey.) God bless you, and make you good, true, holy in every relation in which you stand. You soldiers who are here,

Stand to Your Gaze.

Don't let anyone laugh you out of your religion. There are plenty of foolish, false people, who laugh at God, at holiness, heaven, sin, hell, the Salvation Army, and not only those who are trying to make themselves good, but others good also. Soldiers, stand true to your corps, to your officers, to your convictions. Good night. God bless you. Let us meet again in heaven."

Hearty cheers followed the disappearance of the General after this stirring little call to war, and we were again borne along out into the dark night.



NORWEGIAN BARQUE WRECKED IN DIGBY BAY.

When day broke through the fog we got a hazy glimpse of the mighty St. Lawrence, and were rapidly running through the Province of Quebec, the oldest in the Dominion, a territory twice as large as Great Britain. Of the million and a-half who inhabit this region eighty-six per cent. are Roman Catholics, and seventy-nine per cent. of French origin. The lumber trade is the biggest business carried on, but agriculture flourishes and grows abundant. A pretty curious parallel in the Dominion, the utility of which has a deep lesson for us as Salvationists. On Arbor Day, which is an annual observance, every school boy and girl plants a tree in some selected spot—a measure which is very necessary to prevent the extermination of the

Wealth-Yielding Forestry

of the country. If every soldier of every corps brought only one spade to the bid and got him enrolled during each year, by what leaps and bounds would the General's dream come true, and the world be won.

At Point L'Évêque we were met by the Provincial Brigadier Scott, who has already supplied the lack of the genial Brigadier Jacobs in a way which makes us think the one must be the counterpart of the other. Besides officers of his staff, local friends, including French and English ministerial brethren, were there to grasp the General's hand and bid him a welcome to the ancient capital.

Embarking on the ferry boat, where we had not been two minutes before the Heights of Abraham, which Wolfe's gallantry has immortalized, were eagerly and proudly pointed out to us. The view of

the city from the river is, I should say, enchanting in fine weather; we saw it through mist and rain spectacle, and mounted and descended its streets through exulting and. The opinions of our prospects for a big thing expressed in some quarters, were of the same cheerless class.

"The place is over-run by Catholics. Only five thousand Protestants out of sixty odd thousand population. The corps, too, is a struggling one, but none the worse for that."

As if to give us a bit of sunlight, a comrade started telling us of the following remarkable capture only a few months ago—

A Trophy Worth Every Dollar

that we have spent on the work here.

A youth of only seventeen or eighteen, but who had more than once been in prison, not on account of his religion—Romanist—but because of his bad conduct, came out to the penitentiary-form at the barracks, and was grandly saved. Consequence, his people turned him out of doors. He was given a shake-down in the barracks. A week or two ago, he was invited to again enter his home. He accepted, gave his mother his usual money allowance, and was quietly eating his dinner, when an elder brother struck him, without any provocation or warning, a cruel blow in the mouth. He was then seized and held by his mother and sister, while the brother administered

Halifax Salvation Harbor and Poor Man's Shelter.

bidden, and filled the handsome and commodious room. The tables were beautifully laid with both viands and flowers, and nothing seemed to have been overlooked that could gladden or brighten the welcome.

Mr. P. R. Miller, who presided, read a number of "regrets" from absentees, including the Mayor, and other gentlemen of influence, and then the welcome address, as follows:—

"DEAR GENERAL.—It is with heartfelt pleasure that we, the representatives of the Evangelical Churches in the City of Quebec, assemble here to welcome you to our midst."

"The splendid results that you have accomplished for God in Europe, and in fact, throughout the world, in spite of difficulty and opposition, have caused your name to be honored and

LOVED BY ALL TRUE CHRISTIANS

everywhere, and we are glad to have this opportunity of expressing in a public way our appreciation of and sympathetic interest in your truly Christian mission.

"Your fame has preceded you. The work instituted by you has abundantly tested Divine inspiration and approbation by its unparalleled success."

"To meet with one who has secured so deservedly universal esteem is an honor and privilege that we prize beyond expression."

"The phenomenal growth of the movement, which you have the honor to inaugurate, amid the greatest difficulties and in the face of the bitterest prejudice, distinguishes it as one of the most notable movements of the age."

"For all the numerous departments of your Army's service, which have been created by the exigencies of the times, we profess admiration, both of the keen perception that discovered their necessity and of the courage that was necessary in their execution. But special significance, we think, is to be attached to your last undertaking, the practical attempt to solve the problem and pressing question of "Darkest England and the Way Out."

"You have not shrunk from that which is most difficult in the Master's service. You have

TAUGHT CHRISTENDOM A LESSON

of love, and earnestness, and self-sacrifice, which it cannot and would not forget, and for which it is truly grateful."

"We trust that your stay amongst us may be the means of still further awakening our interest in that Divine and glorious cause—the salvation of a lost and sinful world."

"Signed, I. R. MILLER,

"On behalf of Committee"

Welcome, Grand and Glad.

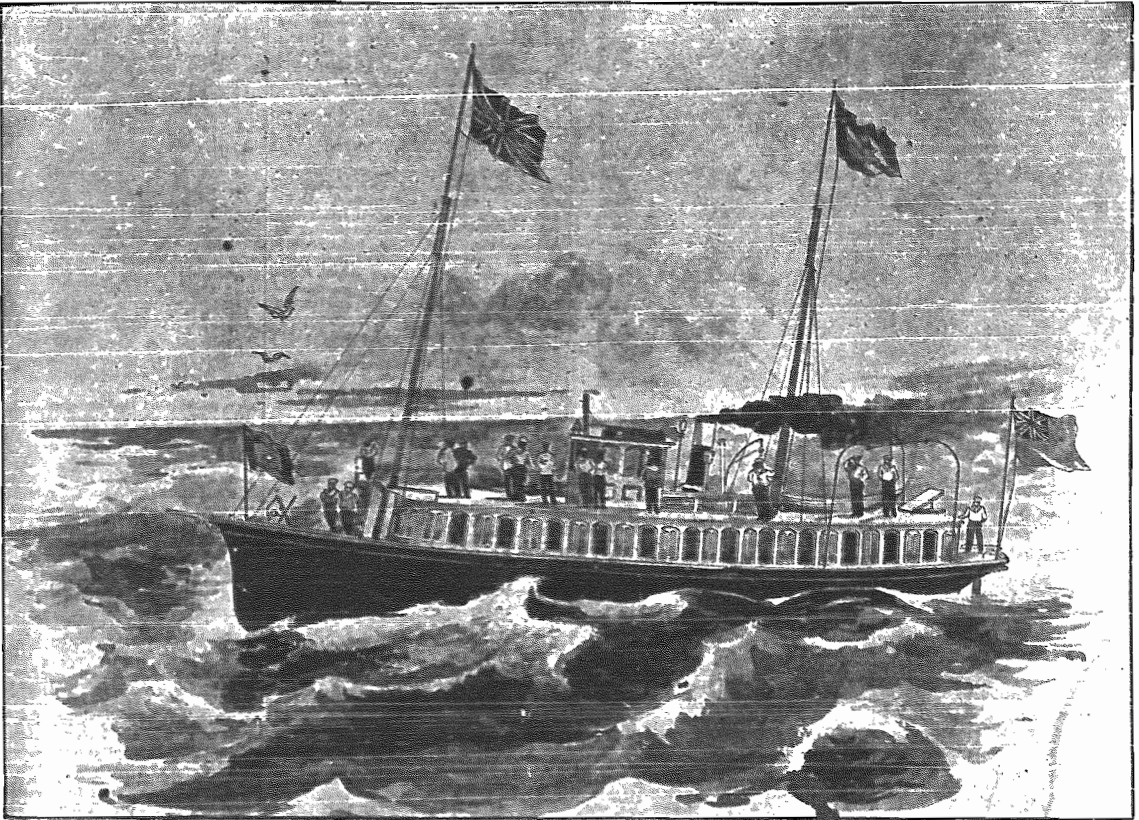
The Rev. Mr. Mansell (Methodist) reckoned his task a delightful one in having to welcome to the old historic city of Quebec, the General of the Salvation Army. (Applause.) They were here, not as Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen and Frenchmen, but as Canadians. (Hoar, hoar.) Especially did he speak as a representative of the Methodist Church, "and in its name of over 1,900 ministers, and 250,000 members, I bid you a grand and glad welcome. Wherever you go you will find, I am sure, that the Methodist Church is heart-felt sympathy with the work of the Salvation Army. (Applause.)

The Mysterious Wire.

"Though not in the Army," said the Rev. Stobo (Bible Society), "I am with the Army. Eight years ago I received a remarkable telegram from the City of Toronto, and all that was in it was, 'Please meet detachment which will arrive at 2:15.' (Laughter.) I obeyed orders, and I have been with



CAPTAIN TAYLOR "SHOOTING A BIT OF SCENERY."



THE "WILLIAM BOOTH."

"There she was, buoyant as a cork, her myriad-pennoned rigging smiling and bowing, and all anxiety to welcome to her bosom her great namesake and General. As she lay along Brockville dock she looked the very embodiment of a glorious Salvationist spirit. Her's was a proud task and she panted to fulfil it. Long waved the handkerchiefs, and loud rang the cheers of the crowd gathered ashore, to which the General again and again responded." (See the General's tour.)

the Army ever since. I thank God for the example which the Army has set the pulpit and pew in the work of reaching the out-cast and helpless, and making them

Honest, Clean-Hearted Men,

and citizens that will be an honor to any country. The work of the Army is not rightly understood here, but we are seeing daylight. We need the Army in Quebec just as much as anywhere else, and I bless God that He has used it to uplift some who, humbly speaking, could not otherwise have been helped. (Applause.)

If Known, Support Certain.

As representing between 7,000 and 8,000 Presbyterians of the Dominion, Rev. Mr. Love joined most cordially in the greeting. Some four years ago he spent three weeks in London, and mainly in looking into Salvation Army institutions. When he returned to Quebec he lectured on the subject, and got such an audience in St. Andrew's Church as he had never spoken to before or since. This work had only got to be more thoroughly understood to be most heartily and generally supported. Why, two of his best friends in the City of London were Roman Catholics, and one of them was a very liberal contributor to the General's Scheme.

Catholics, Cheer on.

Monsieur Le Vasseur, Secretary of the Board of Trade, hardly knew what position he occupied that evening, but whatever it was, it was complicated by his poor knowledge of English. He was very glad and much honored to attend this gathering, and especially to make the acquaintance of the man whose name would always

Live in the Annals of Christianity.

The work he had done was all the more remarkable when it was considered that General Booth had chosen the lowest ranks of humanity to uplift. "In the name of the parties I represent here—the Catholics

of broad disposition—I salute you as one of the great men of the times." (Much applause.)

It was an agreeable novelty for a representative of the Press to be called upon to lay down his pencil and give a verbal opinion of the Salvation Army, and its General. Mr. Chambers, of the *Chronicle*, however, took it very kindly, and, as representing all those who read the newspapers, and because the Army has endeavored to raise our common humanity, he bade General Booth a hearty welcome.

Heartily hailed, the General rose and replied with unusual feeling and spirit. He said:—"Gentlemen, brethren, and friends, who have so kindly expressed these sentiments welcoming me into your city, and to this Dominion, which is, I suppose, judging from my friend's observations,

As Near Perfection

as we shall be likely to reach. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen and friends, who have endorsed the sentiments that have been so thoughtfully and kindly expressed to-night. I thank you very much, and I assure you that this meeting will not be without its effect upon my own mind not only to-night, but in the future, for I don't know that ever I received a welcome that was much more unexpected that appeared to me to be much more real and truly sincere and sympathetic, and which has had, consequently, a greater cheering effect upon my own mind.

"Sir, I feel on such occasions as though I was not only less than the least of all salutes, but less than the least of all philanthropists—all the men and women who have sacrificed themselves, given up their time to labor for the benefit of their fellow men.

"I look back upon my past history, and it seems to me as though God had led me after a peculiar fashion. I have wondered why He should choose me to inaugurate and lead forth an organization which I am perfectly aware has been all that it has been

represented to be to-night, and has the promise of being still further a blessed agency in accomplishing His purpose, and helping poor men and women out of their sorrows, distresses, and sins.

"I look back, and can hardly understand why it should be so. In fact, I cannot, except on the principle that perhaps He foresaw that I should be willing to do as He wanted me, to keep that simplicity which has been referred to to-night, and go steadily forward with or without the favor of men, and should be able to lay all the glory at His feet. I shall go forth from this room, I am sure, desiring to be still further consecrated to this the purpose for which I live, move, and have my being, and I shall try, by my poor devotion or by the few days, or months, or years that may be allotted me in this life, still further to more fully deserve such confidence, sympathy, and affection as has been

Manifested Towards a Stranger

in this old city of Quebec to-night."

The General went on to say, looking at the Salvation Army from a legislative and political standpoint, for the end of all true government is the happiness of its people, and all true happiness must proceed from goodness and morality, and you cannot have a prosperous people except you have a good people, and further, a people who worship God. You cannot leave God out of any of your plans of reformation, although at the present time there is a tendency to substitute theories or the enacting of laws for God, but God won't be left out. We must recognize and worship Him, otherwise that morality and goodness which forms the foundation of all happiness and prosperity cannot be obtained; therefore, when one looks at the Salvation Army that goes abroad, the natural enemy of anarchy, and of the poisonous notions that are being so rapidly and eloquently enrooted throughout the world, which seem to sap the notions of obedience, service, and goodness; and when you look at our

juventility, being only twenty-nine years old, and at the devotion of our officers, if he has a heart in him that cares for misery, and would like to see something done for the poorest and worst, he must feel in his soul gratitude that God has raised up and is rapidly extending a people of this description.

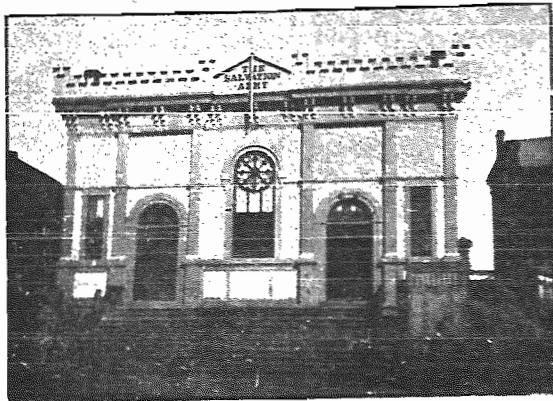
Again, looked at from the standpoint of the Christian religion, the Salvation Army commands sympathy. We are the friends of all who are trying to do good, and we cannot be the enemies of any who are trying to glorify God and make people holy and useful.

We Don't Proselytize.

The Salvation Army is not based upon any schism. If we have here and there had some from other churches join us, we have given them hundreds and thousands back again. Our aim is to lead people to Christ. Get right with God, and then join the communion in which you think you can best glorify God, receive the largest amount of spiritual assistance possible, and help, bless, and save the greatest number of your fellow men. There is scarcely a bishop of any church but who has at one time or other of their career blessed us. With reference to the church my friend represents, no one has ever spoken to me more sympathetically, or is in greater sympathy with the work God has made me the leader of, than did Cardinal Manning. He said:—"When I think of your dear women (and he spoke in the tenderest terms) who go and live in those slums, I bless God on your behalf, and call them 'angels,' and it is probably from this circumstance they were called 'alm angels.'"

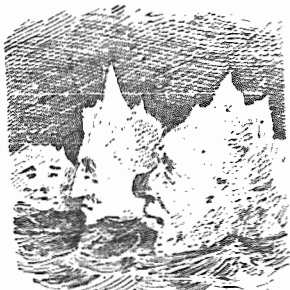
If a man comes from another church to join us, I look him up and down, and see if he has any fire in him, and if not, I say, "You are no use to us, my brother. We have got plenty of the Lascidian miniature icebergs amongst us," and if he has fire in him, I say, "Go back to your own people, and

Set Your Own Parson on Fire."



ST. JOHN N.B. BARRACKS.

I say, "If you meet a Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or any who professes any religion, ask him if he is living up to his own convictions, or as good as his own church demands he should be. All we ask for is the wastrels and the outcast classes."



"Laoticean miniature Icebergs"

The General then gave a stirring appeal to all, especially the young people, to devote their lives to God.

Expectations Magnificently Exceeded.

The rink gathering was an out-and-out success, and one of the most encouraging events of the tour. Not only were the seats all taken up, but the side aisles lined with standing, eager listeners. I should estimate that considerably over 3,000 persons got within sound of the General's voice. Chairman Thompson, who led the applause that afterwards punctuated the General's noble oration, thought professing Christians would do well to take a leaf out of the Salvation Army's book. When soldiers joined that organization they made a solemn promise to God to do what they could to advance His Kingdom. Would that every member of every Christian denomination would pledge themselves to carry out the same principle. We were

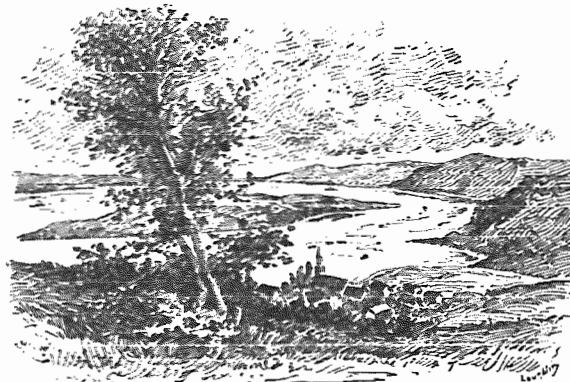
Living in Perilous Times,



DIGBY BARRACKS, N.S.

and every Christ-soldier ought to buckle on the whole armor. If any people were faithfully trying to carry out the old hymn: "Rescue the perishing." It was the S. A. (Hear, hear and applause.)

"This Dominion, Sir, does not want big farmers or money-makers, but a peasantry that will till the soil and live on it, and serve God on it, and go to heaven off it," was a sentiment eloquently put by the General and enthusiastically endorsed by



The Mighty St. Lawrence.

"When the day broke through the fog, we got a hazy glimpse of the glorious river."

the thronging audience. At the conclusion of his masterful utterances he gave expression to the opinion that he had never come to any city and received a kinder welcome and spoke to a more attentive congregation.

"Most of us," subsequently said the Rev. Mr. Tait, "would be willing, as someone has said, to be good Samaritans if it were not such an expensive business. All honor to the S. A. for showing us that they are not afraid of the expensiveness of

being good Samaritans." (Loud cheering.)

From the magnificent, unanimous, and unexpectedly friendly crowds of Quebec we were transferred as soon as the rink meeting ended to the cars, for an all night run to our week-end destination.

MONTREAL'S MEMENTOES.

The City's Claims Conceded.

Montreal, fair and royal, was just opening its eyes after a night's sleep when, on Saturday morning, we changed cars for rigs, and got to our billets in time for an early breakfast. As, subsequently, we traversed some of the city's broad, maple-adorned streets, rode in its electric cars, viewed from the roof of our Rescue Home its spires, domes, and towers, gazed upon the heights of Mount Royal, and caught the shimmering silver of the noble St. Lawrence, spanned by the ponderous two-mile-long Victoria bridge—one of the engineering feats of the age—and reflected that here dwelt 250,000 human beings, we confessed the validity of its claims to beauty as well as to commercial, financial, and numerical supremacy. That there is a reverse side, the existence of our Social Institutions is sufficient assurance.

The General's acquaintance with large gatherings in Montreal commenced with

The Seat of Learning.

THE SCIENCE OF SOUL-SAVING EXPOUNDED BY THE GENERAL IN MCGILL UNIVERSITY.

Canada is proud of her Universities, and



"Struck him a cruel blow on the mouth."

A youth—Romanist—came out to the penitent-form, and was grandly saved; in consequence, his people turned him out of doors.

represented such circumstances and positions as those who sat before him.

Then followed from the stores of his own rich experience, a sparkling little chat, a dose of compressed wisdom on how to save souls that could not be taken without certain and immediate benefit. In his earlier salvation days, when his comrades, anxious to hold an open-air and get the people, would perhaps go outside of the little cottage, and, finding nobody about, would sadly say, "We shan't have a meeting to-night." If he happened to turn the corner at the moment they would change their exclamation to,

"Here's Booth,

we shall have a meeting after all." Mounting a chair he would give out, "Jesus, the name high over all," and secure the people.

"Take responsibility, young man; play your part," was the important lesson he thus illustrated and drove home.

Our kind and delighted friends of McGill added to their attentions an informal cup of tea, cheer, and I fancy that one student's warm gratitude may be taken to represent that of all present. "You have done me so much good."

A JAUNT ROUND JOE BEEF.

Bears—Skeletions—Transformations—Triumphs.

"Come along and see our 'Lighthouse'!" urged the Commandant, as we left the academic grounds of McGill, and away we scudded to the wharf, where the Alaska liners draw rein, in a neighborhood admirably suited to a "Poor Man's Macgregor and Shelter." "To walk the docks at night is to see sights dark enough to make your very heart's blood!" But we have good friends in the police, who have been more than once telephoned, "Just to let me know if you are in any trouble." Kudos must, their assistance has not been found necessary.

Ensign Fox, tall in physique, firm in government, and loving of heart, a Newfoundland to boot, and for years in the police force there, merrily assured me that he and his staff were equal to any emergencies that have as yet occurred.

One is struck on entering with the comfortable, respectable, and commodious restaurant, where meals from three to

Students had Assembled

in the Lecture Hall, and after singing and prayer, Dr. Shaw said:

"We welcome to-day into the Academic Circle of our University and its affiliated colleges, a man who has been highly honored of God in rescuing hundreds and thousands, securing the redemption of their lives by the regeneration of their hearts. I am sure the General must feel that he does not enter into the cold clime of intellectual criticism, but into the midst of those who are in loving sympathy with him and with his work. (Applause.) The highest eulogy I can pronounce upon him is that he is independent of all eulogy."

The General evoked much laughter by expressing his thankfulness that he had not come amongst a cold-hearted, hard-headed people. He had always, and especially of late years, looked upon young men with profoundly anxious feeling; he always seemed to see in them such possibilities of goodness, and such possibilities of evil, that he almost trembled when he attempted to speak to them, especially when they



"Wanted—a peasantry that will till the soil."

"This Dominion, Sir, does not want big farmers or money-makers."



At Newcastle the General addressed the local corps from the car, "lighted by a lantern, which the Commandant held aloft, with the breeze scattering his silvery hair."

fifteen cents each are supplied—or as much higher as the pocket can go.

The place is well patronized in the respect. Joe Beef and his fraternity held high revels here in the days that, thank God, are no more. Drinking, dancing, debauchery ran riot, and in the cellars below were kept bears, etc., for the entertainment of the company. Most ghastly of all (as perhaps all City readers may

himself of our Shelters in England, and had nothing but gratitude to lavish upon them. Another was a Scotchman.

In the extensive lavatories, with separate tin basins for each man, ablutions were in full swing. The meeting-room is large, and provided with an organ. The reading-room is most airy and pleasant, with a view of the gigantic Victoria bridge. The bunks are unequalled for comfort and cleanliness; the officers' rooms models of neatness and convenience.

Heated by hot water, and lighted by electricity, there is not much to be desired in the way of equipment. The \$4,000 spent on the concern has been well laid out, and should yield a thousand-fold in help and blessing to the wretched mariners on life's treacherous ocean.

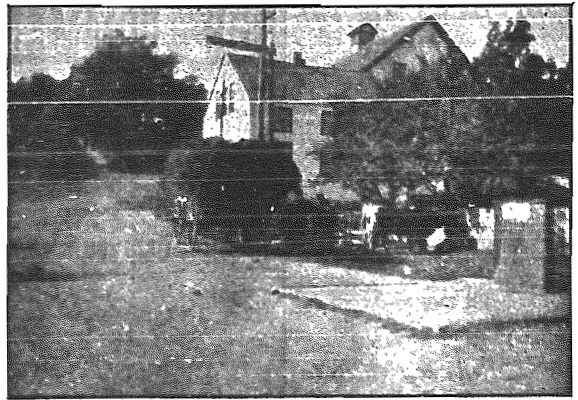
Montreal Rescue Home.

"DEAR 'AVANT—The devil has been telling me not to write, but I have beaten him. This is the second time I have been disappointed in coming in to town to hear the General and Mrs. Booth speak, but never mind, there is a day coming when I hope to meet them on the other side. The only way to meet them there is to give up everything to Him—that is, body and soul."

"I am reading a book about Jesus, Who can make soft pillows when we come to die."

"Did you get the basket of grapes which she bought and sent to the Home as a love gift? Love to all."

This poor creature, a colored girl of twenty-five, came and pleaded to be taken in. Was a terrible girl. Once in another institution where, seizing a knife, she threatened to murder the matron. Her temper still troubled her, and she was not as clean and tidy as she might have been. But love conquered, as ever, this product of the slams. Salvation was accepted, a home found for her child, and respectable service for the mother. The letter quoted from this rescued sister, passed through



A ROAD-SIDE SCENE AT DIGBY, N.S.

"You have a nice commodious place here."

"Yes, but we could do with one three times the size, and employing three times the staff."

"Funds bar the way?"

"That's so, but the

City Shows Much Sympathy.

and we have, I suppose, something like fifty monthly subscribers. But you would like to see my family, and the premises they occupy?"

So we scanned the quiet, orderly, lofty rooms, and most interesting of all, said

secretion, several coming out for a fresh plunge into the life-giving fountain.

Having thus carefully armed for Sunday we marched into the Temple with happy, confident step and fighting faith.

The Temple is worth a whole paragraph to itself. In shape and arrangement, Regent Hall, London, is the nearest model. Montreal Temple is, however, probably larger, certainly lighter. Having just been covered with bright new paint, in accordance with the Commandant's Jubilee program, it looked all that a barracks should be. The walls, platform, and gallery were beautifully mottowed, easily carrying off

The First Prize for Decoration

so far as our travels have extended. "Bienvenue" in white letters on a pretty blue ground, expressed the one feeling of the French corps. The Rescue officers greeted the General in "blue and gold," the Salvation Lighthouses in many colored characters and an emblematic drawing. Anything more pleasingly cheerful than the appearance of this salvation sanctuary we have not beheld anywhere. The fine frontage may be seen from our illustration. There is an ingenious arrangement for converting the large hall into a smaller week-night one, and roomy officer's quarters are included in the structure.

Faithful, vigorous dealing on the part of the General was the order of the day, and the crowded congregations were left in no uncertainty as to his object and intentions.

"You that are fat and comely, in good condition spiritually, I want you to help me," he announced at the start, and our own soldiers and bandmen rallied gallantly to their General's side. Then turning to the whole congregation

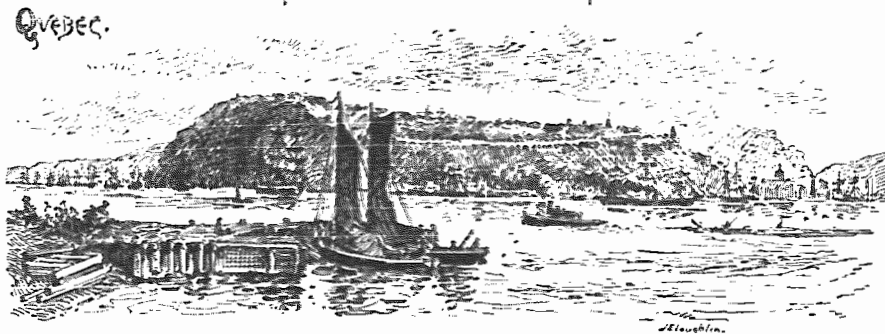
He Levelled this Query:

"If to-morrow morning you were to wake up and find the Bible gone, and its pages white paper, and the dear old S. A. gone also, would you have this record here (pointing to his heart), 'I know that my Redeemer liveth?'"

He came down

Tight on all Tinkering."

(Continued on page 8.)



"Embarking on the Ferry Boat, we were not two minutes before the Heights of Abraham, which Wolfe's gallantry has immortalized, were eagerly and proudly pointed out to us."

know) a skeleton was the chief treasure of this monstrosity museum. Into these subterranean regions we ventured our persons, saw no bears, and not even

The Ghost of a Skeleton.

but in place of them and the filth that clothed the place, carefully stored treasures of coal, heating apparatus, odds and ends.

Mounting the staircases, we came across 137 ten cent bunks. By the way, a superior fifteen cent bed is contemplated principally for the sailors coming into the neighborhood. Any philanthropic soul can hasten the accomplishment of this plan by a timely endorsement of hard cash. In the recreation room were several men hailing from the Old Country, one of whom had availed

our Montreal Rescue Home, Plateau Street, only this last summer, touchingly shows the kind of work the Army in Canada is accomplishing through this blessed branch of our multifarious machinery. Seventeen inmates in winter and thirteen in summer sum up the proportions of this particular Home—

A Safe, Shady, Salvation Retreat

in a big city that is no better, an authority told us, in the matter of its fallen daughters, than the centres of population in older countries.

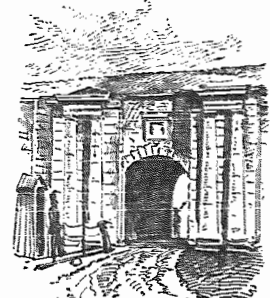
"Who comes here?" asked the City man of the neat Matron, Captain Howe.

"Mainly English girls. Large numbers apply personally. Some we take from the hospitals. But one of the best cases this summer was a French Catholic whom we visited in the hospital. She had been living in a brothel, to which she did not wish to return, so we got her here. Not understanding a word of English, we procured her a French Bible, which she loves to read, and, indeed, anything in the way of religious books. She is now in the second month of her domestic service, giving no little satisfaction to her mistress."

"Do most of them turn out well?"

"Yes, all who have been through the Home this summer especially, and there were twenty-five of them. Do we have to visit houses of ill-fame to get them? Oh, no; they come, and are brought in larger numbers than we can accommodate. Had to turn away three this week; one sleeping on the sofa as it is."

"Yes, as a matter of fact, we visit the brothels, and strange to say, are generally well received and allowed to sing and pray."



Gates of the Citadel, Quebec.



STOPPING THE GENERAL'S CAR TO REPAIR THE BOILER

CABLEGRAM TO THE GENERAL, FROM ENGLAND.

Four thousand Soldiers assembled together at the marriage of Commissioner Ruhani (Lucy) and Colonel Hellberg. Greet you with renewed assurances of confidence and affection, promising continued prayer and help in the great war. The eternal love of bride and bridegroom.

All passed off well. Tenderest love.



PROMOTIONS—

Capt. Geo. Fox, of Montreal Light Horse, to be Ensign.
Lieut. Geo. of Digby, to be Captain.
Capt. Lister, of St. John, to be Captain.
Capt. Lister, of St. John, to be Captain.
Capt. Pugh, of St. John, to be Captain.
Capt. Miller, of St. John, to be Captain.
Capt. McKenna, of St. John, to be Captain.
Capt. Sibley, of St. John, to be Captain.
Capt. Ritchie, of Fredericton, to be Captain.

APPOINTMENTS—

Ald. Miller, last at Headquarters, to London Whiter.
Ensign Galt, specializing, to the Charlottetown corps and District.
Ensign Davidson, of Moncton, to Yarmouth corps and District.
Ensign Matthews, last at St. John, to be the command of Chatham corps and District.
Ensign Galt, of Yarmouth, to the command of Halifax corps and District.
Ensign Brantley, of Chatham, to the command of Moncton corps and District.
Ensign Hickey, of Charlottetown, to the command of Winnipeg.
Ensign Moore, last at Windsor, to Chatham corps and District.
Ensign Galt, last at Woodstock, to Stratford corps and District.
Ensign Clark, last at Petrolia, to Windsor corps and District.
Ensign Fraser, last at Palmerston, to Woodstock corps and District.
Ensign Miller, last at Chatham, to Petrolia corps and District.
Capt. Green, to Parrboro, N.S.
Capt. Lister, to Antioch, N.S.
Capt. Lister, to Sussex, N.B.
Capt. Pugh, to Digby, N.S.
Capt. Miller, to Georgetown, P.E.I.
Capt. McKenna, to Sydney, C.B.
Capt. Ritchie, to Stirlington, N.S.
Lieut. Sibley, to Charlottetown, P.E.I.

TRANSFERS—Newfoundland to Canada.

Ensign and Mrs. TERRY: Capt. Baird, Capt. Baldwin, Capt. Campbell, Capt. Carter, Capt. King, Capt. Ross, Capt. Brantley, Lieut. Pittman, Lieut. Clark, Lieut. Stephen, Lieut. Clark, Lieut. Butler, Capt. Dourney, Capt. Brown, Capt. Macdonald, Capt. Davis.

MARRIAGES—

Capt. Alf. Jennings, out of Westville, N.S., to Lieut. Kate Curran, out of Belait IV, at Windsor, N.S., on Sept. 10th, by Staff-Captain Howie.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Ontario.

THE COMMANDANT RETURNS TO TORONTO, FULL OF FIRE.

Enthusiastic Reception.

DELIVERS MAGNIFICENT ADDRESS.

Jubilee Hall Crowded.

There was a ring of victory in the air. Jubilee Hall was en fête.

The Commandant had returned from that triumph of triumphs—the General's Eastern Province Campaign. Toronto's warm heart came up extra warm to welcome home the Territorial's beloved leader. The ring of victory was accentuated by the almost virgine desperation that was put into the "We never will give in, no we WON'T" of the opening song.

It was a rare old pack, too, that sent up the song, and a sight which must have been encouraging and inspiring to the Commandant.

When the praying exercises were completed, and a solo had been sung by the Editor, the chiefs of the various departments stepped forward, and in hearty language welcomed back the Commandant to their Headquarters Salvation Circle. They did their part well, manifesting sincerity in their utterances, and a keen desire for the practical advancement of the work of God, which latter would, they hoped, be furthered by our leader's home-coming.

The Commandant received an ovation as he rose to deliver a capital address, in which he vividly described the General's campaign, and gave a reason for the hope that is in him as a Salvationist.

Although the Commandant had been ill on the trip, and had got out of his sick bed to see the General off, he seemed full of fire, and we thought looked better than when he left us.

The Commandant stated that the General's receptions have been enthusiastic, and thoroughly representative.

Two Lieutenant-Governors, one ex-Governor, a Cabinet Minister, five Premiers and ex-Premiers, and any number of M.P.'s

and Mayors had occupied prominent seats on the platforms at the General's various meetings.

In twenty-eight days the General had held 70 meetings, delivered 70 addresses, travelled 2,000 miles, and addressed between 80 and 90,000 people. He had also had presented to him in public 27 addresses of welcome; besides all this having set his face against travelling in any less public way than his own people, so far as strength would permit, he was the observer of all, and in every place of stoppage, the curious would climb the car-steps and file through to get a look at the world-famed Salvation Army General.

The Commandant stated that the time he had spent with the General had made him a better Salvationist. He had looked at him, whose hair was silvery with years of toil; he had seen how he, notwithstanding his added years, never spared himself, but insisted on two and three times the amount of work being done more than was originally planned, and he had felt the need of being more completely consumed with zeal for God's glory also. The General had sent him love and the assurance of his unabated confidence in the Toronto comrades. (Volley.)

The Commandant declared he believed in his General, the Army, and his comrades more than ever, and now they would go forward for God and souls. He inveighed against merely sentimental religion; the greatest achievement was to make real cross-bearers out of the people of this case-loving generation.

Rev. Mr. White, of British Columbia, and Rev. Mr. Crowley were present. Mr. Crowley engaged in prayer at the close of the meeting.

NOTES!

HEADQUARTERS.

OCTOBER 23RD, 1894.

The General thinks the idea of our yacht is a capital hit.

A change of a number of D.O.'s takes place this week.

An urgent request has been made to the Commandant to open fire in Bonar's. He is considering the proposal.

Capt. Baker, late of London, has been transferred to the Social Work. He takes charge of the Toronto Poor Man's Wood Yard.

Major Read has again been very poorly and confined to his house, but the latest despatch from him tells of an improvement.

Lord Brassey, a great friend of the Army, is still in Canada.

The Commandant will open the London Shelter on October 30th. The London City Council have decided to make a grant towards the opening expenses.

The Winnipeg City Council have made a grant towards the Winnipeg Rescue Home.

Mrs. Miller left on Saturday to join her husband at London.

Another young Peacock arrived at the Industrial Farm last week.

Mrs. Booth is booming the Auxiliary League, and bent on increasing the Light Brigade.

Major Morris writes to say that the two schooners, *Glad Tidings* and *Salvationist*, were overtaken by a terrible storm, in which a number of vessels perished. A number

21, has a column and a half devoted to the General and his American tour.

The *New York Herald* stated that the General had spent 324 hours in travelling, had 12 nights in railway trains, travelled 3,650 miles, given 19 short addresses, and 56 long ones, devoted 110 hours to business, written 50 letters, had 17 interviews, and addressed 100,000 people.

The *New York Herald* also states that the General has his time so well planned that he knows how he will spend every minute of his time on the campaign.

Capt. Woolman has just returned from a fortnight in the Old Country.

Ensign Cass sends the following and news:—

TYRONE.—Mr. Cole, my wife's father, has passed peacefully away. He has been a staunch friend to the Army, and his home was always a pleasant rendezvous for all officers of the Army. Mrs. Cass in quite ill. I request the prayers of all the readers of the WAR CRY that she may be speedily restored.

COL. LAWLEY'S CONFIDENCE

Canadian Salvationists.

"Where is Colonel Lawley?"
"Down at that end somewhere," replied the brother at the door of the Peterboro' barracks.

And through the joyful hum and bust of clinking cups, eager eaters and busy attendants, we passed down the banquet hall to find at the end of the first table the Colonel himself, regaling on milk and water, in company with Major Bennett, Staff-Capt. McMillan, and others, not quite such illustrious abstinents as the veteran Colonel seems to be.

We looked each other up and down, critically—yes, our mutual scrutiny was unflinching, it was Johnny Lawley, the same as of old, the same good-natured, honest face, the same happy smile, the same big heart, that completely hides the lower part of his face. In the early days he always reminded me of what I had pictured Britain's old Druid priests to be, and he is still such a man, the tide of whose melting, swelling eloquence, as it pours from his heart and brain, all commingling with a divine exhalation, will move the crowd to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and desperate earnestness.

"And what shall I tell the comrades about you, 'Colonel'?" I asked.

"Oh," was the reply, as a merry twinkle lit up his eyes, "tell them I haven't begun to curl my moustache, or utterance myself up."

The Colonel is certainly anything but a "dude," he belongs to the Salvationist aspect and nature.

"And do you like us Canadians?"

"Yes, I'm very fond of the people; I like their homeliness. I don't find them stiff or distant. They do not think themselves miles beyond you, but treat you as a Salvationist and a brother."

"Very good, Colonel; that will suit us. Now, as to the campaign, has it equalled your expectations?"

"It has. In no place could the General have been better received; he is thoroughly appreciated in Canada. In proportion to the populations the welcomes have been magnificent."

"You may also mention the goodness of

of officers were on board, going back to their respective commands after the General's meetings.

Major Read is deeply imbued in a desire to extend the Army's operations in several North-West towns, including Rat Portage and Regina. He also thinks there is a great future before us amongst the British Columbia Indians, who keep writing almost every mail for Army officers to go and work among them.

The *New York Herald*, dated October



EXCHANGE AT BRUSSELS.
(See "Over Land and Sea to Germany." Page 10.)

The Very Latest

RE

THE GENERAL.

BY WIRE!

NEW YORK.

Mighty, unparalleled, twenty-thousand reception, Union Square, yesterday; also unique welcome, Carnegie Hall. To-day, great gathering auxiliaries, Dr. Strong, Chairman. Night march, from Lenox Lyceum, mile long; torches, banners, illuminants unnumbered; Carnegie Hall thronged; hundreds turned away. Chauncey M. Depew presided, introduced General most generous terms; General magnificent; Social Scheme address; Dr. McArthur Publicly thanked him. Between seven and eight thousand dollars given. Biggest thing of our tour expected to-morrow.

CAPT. TAYLOR.

International War Cry Correspondent.

the officers. Travelling with the General, as I do, know just his particular wishes with respect to the arrangements in the halls, and when I have seen the necessity of any extra arrangement, or alteration, and asked to have it done, not as officer, whether staff, field, or hotel, but with gladness and eagerly carried out by his desire. The Brigadiers and their staff have been excellent; they have toiled like slaves to secure success.

"That's good for Canada. Our prospects are all right with that kind of spirit amongst us, are they not?"

"Yes, and all that is needed to drive the devil into the Atlantic, or the Pacific, or over Niagara, is the religion born in a stable and manger, reeled with blood on the cross, and baptized with fire at Pentecost."

Quebec at Last!—You have not heard from me for some length of time, save the news you received through the Press, of the riot, but do not think for one moment that our courage or zeal for God was in the least daunted on account of the showers of stones we received from the enemy's ranks. Oh, no, but ever since we have been marching steadily forward to victory.



Captain Hellman, Mrs. Ensign Mitchell, her little son, and Captain Betts, Quebec.

We have seen a few grand cases of conversion, one an Irish Roman Catholic, a young fellow whose life had truly been blighted by sin and drink, but when he came to Jesus he found in Him a mighty Deliverer. This was nearly two months ago, and to-day, although his mother's door has been closed against him, he stands on our platform a monument of God's saving grace.

We have also had the joy of seeing our old comrades, ex-Lieutenant Felix and wife, come

FROM THE GENERAL.

MY CANADIAN COMRADES,—

I have once more had the privilege of joining hands with you in this blessed Salvation War on your own Territory, and have again been impressed with the greatness of the opportunity that lies before you.

Although my stay on this occasion has been but brief, and my acquaintance with your operations but limited, my visit being confined to the Maritime Provinces and the eastern portion of Ontario, still I have seen enough to cheer my soul and remove every fear as to the ultimate triumph of our forces in the Dominion.

During this visit my reception by the general public has been most gratifying. All denominations, classes and parties have alike combined to speak in the kindest manner of my poor services in the past, and to wish me God-speed and still greater victories in the future, while all have been eager to confess the magnitude of the services rendered by the Army to the world in general and to Canada in particular.

These generous opinions have been largely earned by the devoted labors and sacrifices of my people in Canada and in other parts of the world, all going to show that the difficulties, persecutions and misrepresentations of the past, arising from prejudice and misapprehension, are rapidly passing away.

The reception I have received from my own people has been cordial and affectionate, the only regret I feel with respect to my tours being that its hurried nature has not admitted of more direct personal intercourse with my dear officers and soldiers, and more definite extended efforts for their welfare.

However, I praise God for what I have seen, and felt, and done. I am sure that God has been with me, and I believe the general feeling all along the track has been one of praise and gratitude for the wonderful baptism of love, and light, and power God has been pleased to give us.

I am now looking to my approaching visit to your wonderful North-West, with the finishing gatherings in the other cities of the Dominion not yet visited, and the crowning hallelujah time reserved for us, by the good mercy of God, at Toronto. It is true that while man proposes it is God that disposes, and I hope that every plan I make, or reckon upon, is in full view of His all-controlling providence. Still I feel as though He would grant me my heart's desire in a wonderful visitation of blessing and salvation during the closing campaign.

To you, my dear comrades, with whom I have just been privileged to fight, I can only echo what you have so recently heard from my lips in the fulness of all the love and enthusiasm we have realized together so recently. I urge you with all my heart to carry on the fight. God is on your side, and waits, and wills, and yearns to succeed you.

To you whose faces I have not seen as yet, or not taken counsel with since we met eight years ago, I must say, "Continue to pray that God will bring me up to you full of faith and of the Holy Ghost."

Nay, to all—to every officer and soldier in the Dominion—let me urge a fresh girding on of the Armor, a fresh anointing of the Heavenly Oil, and a fresh entrance on the Battle Field. The prospects for a successful campaign in the U.S., which I commence (D.V.) next week, are very promising. God will give us influence, and extension, and souls; but whatever comes, be assured I shall not cease to remember you and the heavy fight in which you are called to engage for His sake.

May God cheer you forward, and gratify the earnest, anxious heart of my dear son, the Commandant, and his fellow-soldier, his devoted wife, with the glorious victories they have so arduously labored after, and fail not, in every bright or in every cloudy day, to think upon me as

Your affectionate General.

WILLIAM BOOTH.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20th, 1894.

back to the fold, after five long years of wandering. They were welcomed by Jesus and every comrade, and to-day they are making bright and blessed souls in our ranks.

Oh, yes, we have had a flying visit from our beloved General, and talk about a hearty reception, but it takes our Quebec friends to do it. I need not go into details to explain to you all about the reception tea, etc., which was so kindly got up by a committee of ladies and gentlemen, together with the ministers of the city, Mr. Miller, one of our warm-hearted Auxiliary friends, being the chairman of the same.

So you see, although we have our enemies, we have our friends as well. May light and liberty speedily come to these dark, sin-blighted souls who surround us.—Ensign Mrs. MITCHELL.

West Ontario War Whoops.

BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

To arrange and work out a "change of front" is not always the easiest task. When the walls and pledges of brave and loyal soldiers, who have been left without officers for months, and have held on to their post like heroes and heroines, are ringing in one's ears; when D.O.'s proposals are to farewell five officers and send three of them for a lengthened furlough, and this is multiplied in two or three instances, and one finds himself in the position of waving ninety-nine officers and an only lay hands on sixty of them, the thing goes "tuff." We are having a change. It is a terror to fix. It has affected twenty-nine corps and eight districts.

The appointments of the Staff are Ensign Moore to Chatham; Ensign Miller to Petrolia; Ensign Clarke to Windsor; Ensign Fraser to Woodstock; Ensign Gale to Strathroy; Major Calhoun and Ensign Hendricks are gone on rest; Ensign Lewis, of Winnipeg, comes to London. Ten thousand welcomes to West Ontario, Ensign.

The Norwich officers and soldiers are busy bringing the platform several feet from the rear of the barracks, and erecting a quarters in the vacant place.

Staff-Captain Collier, in addition to his duties and responsibilities in connection with the office of the West Ontario Province, will in future act as D. O. of the London District.

Ex-Captain W. McDougall, of Goderich fame, and ex-Captain and Mrs. Fisher of Brantford, have been re-appointed by the Commandant. The former is gone to assist in our Social operations in Toronto; the latter are appointed to Sarnia, with the rank of Cadet-Captain.

London is to have a shaking up on the 30th. The new, clean, comfortable, model Shelter is to be opened. The Commandant will be the front. The S. A. Social Scheme will be his theme.

Ensign (edwin) leaves the Old Country again for Canada on the 25th.

Mrs. Margetts and I have put in a week-end at St. Thomas.

"My temper was washed away
In the blood of the Land,"
floats through the building.

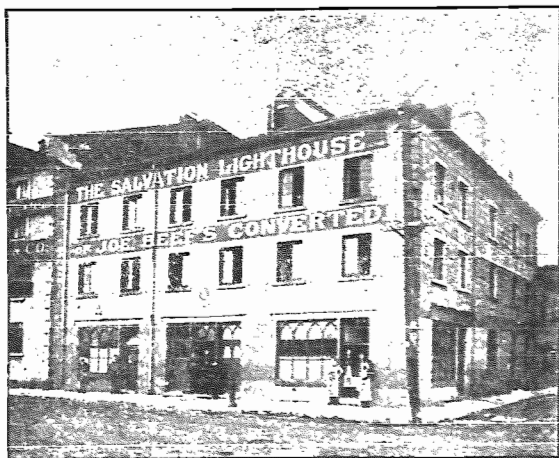
We enjoyed the fray immensely. Began with one soul on Saturday night. The same took his place in the week-end. Sunday finished with a wanderer returning on Sunday evening—five in all.

Have just closed a three days' combat at Brantford. Soldiers got free and inspired. Four for salvation and one for a clean heart. A nice batch of eleven recruits were enrolled. Ensign Case turned up on Sunday morning. He has been passing through the fire, but thank God, had not got singed.

Souls are getting saved. That's what we want. That's what we live for. That's what we can have. Dutton has one, Stratford two, Dresden two, Woodstock four, London five. Dutton has also enrolled four recruits.

Some of the above recruits have been desperate cases, which possibly the Special Correspondent, the Captain, or the Ensign will be writing up for the Car. One, for instance, stated at the enrolment, "I was once a soldier, but have been a backslider for four years. From the 1st of January, 1891, until recently I did not draw a sober breath, but Jesus has completely taken from me all desire for drink and sin."

Soul-saving is wonderful work—nothing so inspiring, nothing so grand. To effectually prosecute such a work certain things have to be done, while certain things have not to be done. One of the greatest essentials is good order. Who can work up an influence, hold a crowd, convict consciences and show sinners the error of their ways while there is a ceaseless coming in and going out and moving about the place? My brother, my sister, if thou wouldst shine as a saviour of men, by the grace of God, the first impression that has to be made amongst thy people is that of all important messages, declarations and truths, those which are uttered from thy platform are the most important, and worthy of being listened to and heeded.



THE GENERAL IN CANADA.

(Continued from page 5.)

"Many people get a patch here and a patch on their hearts, till it is like Jacob's coat of many colors."

Or again changing the simile, and referring to the poor demented youth, whom the disciples could not drive the devils out of.

"I don't know whether they advertised liver pills and that kind of nostrum in those days, but if they did, I have no doubt the poor boy had taken enough pills to—I won't say what. (Laughter.) I want you to go in for a new heart. You can have it. Whatever do you want to put off these glorious possibilities from Montreal for? I hope they

Won't let Dirty People into Heaven."

The do-nothing Christians got a turn, too. "A lady in one of my last meetings in England came to me and said she wanted to get rid of 'the comfortable spirit'—the spirit of being content with being saved herself. Perhaps some of you want to

Get Rid of the Comfortable Spirit."

As a clinching culmination, the General gathered up all his observations and focused them to this narrowed point.

"Are you a man who, as you sit there, can believe in God's ability?

"Are you a man who can believe in God's willingness, seeing that Christ shed His blood for you?

"Are you a man who can believe that He cleanses here and now?"

"Well, I can't trust."

"But you must. He doesn't ask you to break the cursed habits that control you, but He does ask that you should be willing for Him to do it, and to believe that He does it now."

Not a great rush followed, but in

A Spirit of Sheerosity

(please pass the coinage, Mr. Editor), there was an outcoming of one here and another there that constituted a well-won and compact victory over devils and feelings. Glory to the Lamb!

"When God designed the universe, He designed me. I am His wholly. If I do not serve my Master, I am a robber, and worse," may well untell the drift of the afternoon's address, which fell like hot coals of truth upon the hearts of the crowds, upon whose forms the

October Sunshine Filtered in Warmth.

"Serve God," the General pleaded. "That they should 'serve God,' he claimed. 'Serve God,' he demanded of them.

Now and Forever."

The Temple trembled. Night had come. All classes, for all reasons, were in force.

"Yes, I am here, just out of curiosity," one gentleman explained to a friend.

"I always come here when I go anywhere," a young bricklayer confessed.

"I was a Christian missionary in the old Whitechapel days, and am still at it," a brother confessed.

"I am a theological student," said another youth. "And I, representing a large proportion, am unconverted."

Prayer succeeded. Colonel Lawley's voice trembled with desire. "Oh, that everybody may hear Thee! That everybody may see Thee! That everybody may feel Thee! That everybody may rise up to serve Thee! We know we are asking a big thing, but Thou art Almighty."

The General arose, ready to wield the Spirit's sword, and to grapple with all opposition to the salvation of souls. He dealt a tremendous slash at indecision, and there a cut at all excuses that completely destroyed the sinner's retreat. "Do as I was, I once had the

Diabolical Impertinence

to say 'no' to my Maker." This control over our own destiny is the grandest thing God has given us: this opportunity to decide what we will do; only see that you decide rightly. It is a terrible thing to be almost saved and

Yet Altogether Lost.

The nearer you come to God, the deeper and darker will be your hereafter if you do not accept Him. It must be so. The very memory hereafter that you once nearly entered the Golden Gates, nearly trod the Pearl Street, and nearly held the golden harp in your hands, will be more intolerable than hell fire itself. But now the golden opportunity is yours: the blessed Saviour is near you; you may almost hear the sweet words, the sweetest, most thrilling words ever uttered:

"Thy sins, which were many, are all forgiven thee."

"I feel my heart strangely drawn out towards you. I am sure God's Spirit is in the house. Now is the time.

You Have to Vote Now.

Settle your own destiny. In the last great attempt at a rebellion in Ireland, the rebels got possession of Dublin Castle, and from its battlements floated a huge green banner with the words emblazoned on it in golden letters, "Now or never! Now and for ever!" So I say to you here, let your decision be, not as a sign of rebellion, but of submission. "Now and for ever, I give myself up to God and His service."

It was a momentous moment. The various reasons for which they had come would no longer be the uppermost thoughts in the malcontented minds now hushed and solemnized. Faith said, "There must be a big break." But sight was long kept waiting. The first hour of wrestling and fishing brought to the front but a few. An officer left one young woman in despair of getting her to decide, but the General came along, took her hand, and led her out unresistingly. We kept the crowd. If any left, the

Liberated Members of Other Congregations

supplied their places. "I was praying for the General all the time," said one of these. At the platform end, no cessation of effort was shown, and like the effect of well-directed shells of big guns upon a walled stronghold, hearts began to melt, wills to yield, and bodies to find their way to the penitent-form in token of the inward submission which the soul was ready to make. In the last half hour, the total ran up to twenty penitents, two of them at the very point of closing this desperately glorious battle.

Brilliant open-air engagements were fought between the Temple meetings outside Joe Beef's, which the Commandant led, and which drew large and likely crowds to hear tell of a Saviour's love.

A Press Picture.

It is often interesting and even useful to "see ourselves as others see us." A lady representative of the *Daily Witness*, whose chiefs are most friendly to our work and liberal of space in recording the same, considered our Temple services constituted "a picture which was well worth putting into a mental portfolio, for in that hall were all sorts and conditions of men, high and low, rich and poor, proud and humble, saved and unsaved, gathered together to see and hear the General of the Salvation Army. An imposing and picturesque figure he made, standing there in his General's uniform, tall and straight, soldierly in bearing—a man born to be a leader. Noting his expressive eyes, his strongly marked features, his noble head, silvery hair, and thinking of his life, one ceased wondering why so many looked to him for guidance, and in spite of sneers and ridicule followed his simple and earnest teachings."

Before the Ministerial Association.

The first meeting of the season connected with this Association was held on Monday morning in the Y. M. C. A., and the ministers and laymen belonging thereto had shown their enterprise by securing the Salvation Army's General as the first speaker. But for the extra strain this involved upon the physical resources of our warrior-leader—a strain that he is, humbly speaking, all too willing to undergo. Anyway, the ministerial brethren got the best of it, and so a gathering was held of far-reaching influence and importance.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE ROOF OF HALLIWAY BARRACKS, OVER THE BAY, WITH THE ISLAND IN SIGHT.

"It interests to know," said the Rev. Donald Grant, who presided, "that we have with us a brother in Christ who has been so successful in bringing others to the Elder Brother, and not only in bringing Christ to the masses, but the masses to Christ, which is the highest honor of all."

"If there is nothing else I like to talk to

persons for," laughingly and shrewdly remarked the General. "It is that they can take things in." And he kept our friends busily and interestingly employed at this for the next hour. Their attitude was one of approval and sympathy. The Army ought to get

An Increased Backing Up

from many a church represented.

After answering some questions which his address had given rise to, the Rev. Mr. Silcox most feelingly referred to the aid and love which the members of the Army displayed in going amongst the lowest and the poorest. The churches wanted more of that Christlike spirit. Why, last summer when he was in Chicago, and during the strike there, he saw half-a-dozen poor, bedraggled men and women telling the people of a Saviour's love, and he felt sorry that his King had not got some wiser, better-to-do followers to represent Him, while rejoicing that these men and women had love enough to go out into the streets and do the thing he had not the courage to do. To these sentiments the General heartily responded, but triumphantly pointed out that in the days of St. Francis of Assisi, it was "these beggars" that saved Christianity. (Applause.)

"We have heard the General speak," said the delighted and grateful chairman, "with authority, and not as the Scribe." (Laughter.) And with the prayers and blessings of the Shepherds of the Flock, he went forth to his next engagement, which the *Montreal Gazette* termed

"A Gathering of Citizens."

This took place in the afternoon, in the large Lecture Hall of St. James Methodist Church, where some 700 or 800 people assembled. Staff-Captain Mason having rolled in a French solo—indeed, he had been in clover, in this respect, since coming amongst French-speaking Canadians—Dr. Ross, pastor, uttered some kindly sentiments, and then left the field to the General, who, in the short time at his disposal, ran through the Army's history, teaching, and aims, which seemed to find nothing but approbation in the minds of the audience.

This Takes the Palm.

St. James' Methodist Church is reputed to be the finest in America. We can well concede the fact. Its exterior is of great bulk and beauty; its interior grandly matches. For admission into this splendid edifice 3,000 tickets were disposed of, and a considerable number over and above this were present. This night in Darkest England made a mark, and very appropriately terminated the varied campaign which the General had conducted in Montreal.

"I love moral earnestness," said Dr. Shaw, of the Methodist College, who presided. "In this hard, cold, selfish world I appreciate a man who devotes himself to the highest interests of humanity." Speaking of the churches he exclaimed, "I tell you we need to get the enthusiasm which characterizes the Army."

The General fully rose to this,

In Many Respects, Unique Occasion.

one of the most interesting which the city has ever witnessed. Indeed, Dr. Ross termed the address, "A unique lecture, carrying with it a very great lesson for this city."



ENSON GAGE.

ENSON ALWARD. ENSON HUNTER.



EDGAR BARNES, Dining-Hall Waiter,
Montreal "Lighthouse."

The contributions at the close brought up the total takings for the campaign to over \$100. But this must not be taken to sum up the practical interest aroused. A letter to hand as I write says that a gentleman, who at first considered a 10-cent admission to the meeting wrong, but was present and heard the General a day or two after, donated a \$10 bill towards the Joe Reef Shelter.

Says this correspondent, who is a resident: "By the General's visit a great deal of prejudice has been overcome, and I believe that the sympathy needed for

Financial Prosperity,

and the success of the Army in all its branches, has already been aroused in our better-to-do citizens."

But other Canadian cities are claiming mention, and I can only add that we have in Montreal two corps standing to their guns: also a French corps, which, under Adjutant Rioux, is doing a blessed work. Ensign McLean is the zealous District Officer, and also commands No. 1 (the Temple).

OTTAWA, THE FEDERAL CAPITAL.

A lumberman's shanty fifty years ago, to-day a city of beauty and the Federal Capital, Ottawa is not at all a bad type of the S. A. itself. On the way thither on Tuesday morning the General had a long chat in the cars with Mr. Chamberlain, Inspector of Charities, through whose influence our Ontario Social Institutions have been put on the Government list.

The country through which we passed took us for some distance through the old French settlements, with pretty cottages and well tilled farms. Distant mountains bordered the horizon on one hand, and the waters of the Ottawa river beautified the other. The foliage rivalled that which we had revisited in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Arriving soon after mid-day, it was soon evident that Ottawa was determined not to be behind in its gladsome greetings. In these Mess. HERBERT BOOTH led the way, having come on from Toronto to meet the General and the Commandant.

Her Sunshine Presence

was hailed with joy, and as a great reinforcement to the party. It was with much satisfaction that the General noted her improved state of health and learnt also that her dear child was better.

In Brigadier Holland the Commandant regained his right hand, and the staff an energetic addition. Years—it is many since he came over from England, and he has never been back—have but added to his all

round capabilities as a level-headed and devoted officer.

Adjutant Jones, Secretary to Mrs. Booth, also joined us, and together we proceeded to the City Square. Having been received by Mayor Cox and the citizens' committee, comprising aldermen and clergymen, the steps of the fine and massive hall were turned into a platform, from which the Mayor read, in the hearing of a large assembly of Salvationists and townspeople, an address of great warmth, appreciation, and comprehensiveness.

Another Tiger.

A tiger, it seems, means in the Canadian vernacular, an enthusiastic bumping cheer. The General got another of these on rising to respond. In a stirring speech he returned heartily thanks for this outburst of welcome, adding:

"I come to this country, sir, for the purpose of stirring up my own people to be earnestly and zealously to follow out this great campaign on behalf of the sorrowful and the

Sinners of all Classes and Creeds.

I have been delighted with the country, its vast extent, its capacities for becoming a great and mighty nation, and for taking an active part in the regeneration of the human race. I do not see why Canada should not be the country most favorable for the carrying out of my scheme, perhaps, to convey from the over-gorged cities of Europe in a scientific manner the surplus populations to some of these tracts of country that are at the present unoccupied. Hear, hear. Anyway, let us stand shoulder to shoulder, and while we make our own salvation the first business, let us then look around and see the miseries and woes of other, and consecrate ourselves to the seeking and saving of these helpless ones. Good morning. God bless you. Amen."

The General was entertained by the Hon. E. H. Broussard, and after replying to his residence, met a large and influential congregation at 7 o'clock in the Bank St. Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Dr. Moore presiding.

At night, in our commodious barracks, a thronged audience listened with eager and close attention to

"Darkest England" Deeds and Needs.

On behalf of everyone present, the Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, as chairman, wished the General God-speed in his work. He, and those who were following him, had done much for the people, both of Canada and of all other lands. The takings amounted to \$271.

A Wholly Blessed Half-Night.

Colonel Lawley, assisted by Brigadier Scott and Staff-Capt. Malan, afterwards conducted a half-night of prayer in the barracks. This had neither been announced nor arranged till the close of the afternoon meeting: notwithstanding, over a hundred soldiers and friends were present. The Colonel went in for desperate, out-and-out conversation, supporting his plea by the incident in the Gethsemane garden, where Jesus, coming and finding His disciples asleep, said unto them, "Sleep on, as much as to say, 'It is too late, you cannot help me now; an hour ago you could have wiped the sweat from My brow, helped me in My struggle.'"

"The Lord," pursued the Colonel, "has come to this meeting. Has He found us asleep? And are we going to sleep on till our opportunities of fighting for Him and saving souls are gone for ever?"

Warmth, enthusiasm, and fire filled the meeting, and immediately the pool was opened.

Nearly Twenty Volunteers

stepped out. These were followed by eleven others. Amongst the seekers was a woman who, early in the evening, had pressed her way to the front to shake hands with the General. Forty-five years ago, in Leeds, he had led her to Jesus. Sixteen years ago Mrs. Booth, now in glory, was the means of her securing the blessing of holiness, and at this half-night she consecrated herself to fight as a soldier of the Cross.

Another was a man who, nearly thirty years ago, had listened to the General on the Mile End Waste. With tears he thanked the Colonel for the influence of the half-night, and said he had given himself to God to go back to the Catholic district where he lived, and to there stand up alone, if necessary, for the Christ Who has redeemed him.

The most prominent and beautiful among all the elegant buildings of this well-lighted city, and of which every one of its 40,000

inhabitants are more or less proud, is the Parliamentary pile, situated on the right bank of the river. The main structure is 500 feet long, and contains a library capable of holding 500,000 volumes; while on either side there are departmental buildings, 375 feet long. Having climbed to the summit of its 200 feet tower, we can guarantee the beauty of the situation. Ottawa is the headquarters of the lumber trade. May it become as noted for the activity and holiness of its Salvation forces.

MORE ABOUT THE MONTREAL "LIGHTHOUSE,"

Whose Portals are Ever Open to Give Kindly Shelter to each Weather-Beaten Brother "Pulling Hard Against the Stream."

On June 10th, 1893, the Lighthouse, or, "Joe Boef's Converted," was opened to the public. Since that time, its doors have opened to hundreds of men gathered from every station in life—from the core of the wealthy, to the man born in the humblest sphere. Many who have thanked God for the kindly shelter this depot has afforded them, have journeyed to other climes. From the time of opening, up to September 11th, 1893, it has accommodated

239,014 Persons

with beds. One cannot estimate the amount of work done by figures—for you must bear in mind that each individual first purchases a ticket, then leaving to the aid of an attendant everything belonging to him, excepting the clothes on his back; he presents the ticket to a steward, who then passes him to his sleeping quarters.

A watchman walks the floor all night. In the morning every bed must be inspected, and the whole room put in such a condition that the most scrupulous could not find fault with it.

Then the dining-room. I myself have enjoyed many a good, square meal in this place. At all times the various bills of fare are marvels of solidity and inexpensiveness. Why,



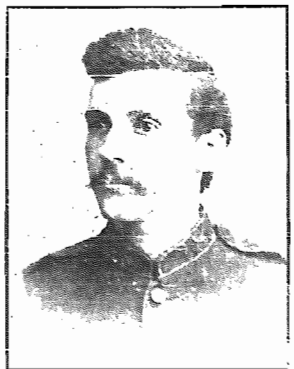
CAPTAIN KLETTING, Cook, and HAKOB VARTANIAN, Assistant Cook,
Montreal "Lighthouse."

the customary bowl of soup is almost enough to satisfy a man's hunger; but you can be furnished with a full meal for fifteen cents, and anyone who wants more, is at liberty to purchase it.

During the past fifteen months, there have been served 86,350 meals. This is where the

Cooks and Waiters Shine,

never counting the cashier. If you could have seen Captain Kletting during the summer, you would have thought he was being cooked himself, for between the heat of the sun and the stove, he had a warm time. There is a meeting-hall, and within its



CAPTAIN DODGE, Cashier,
Montreal "Lighthouse."

walls echoes the Gospel truth time and again. Often, when almost worn out, the officers in charge have gone forward to wage a battle with the devil. Scores of poor men, who have become the slaves of darkness, sit and listen to the message, and their behaviour puts to shame some of those who pretend to walk in a more respectable atmosphere. They are very attentive, and although in sin, their hearts respond to what is good and true. Some have been saved and are doing well.

A few evenings ago I called at the Lighthouse to see the superintendent. After the customary salutations, I enquired as to the welfare of his charge. Knowing that this has been the worst summer experienced by the wharfingers for years past, for the shipping has been exceedingly light, I expected to hear a woful tale. In this, I was disappointed. Captain Fox spoke very well of his depot. He certainly had anticipated more business, but this depression in trade had affected many others besides him. This difficulty had put them in a rather trying position. They were despondent.

Getting the Debt Wiped Out,

but, unfortunately, had been unable to do

this, which still leaves a burden hanging upon them.

To each employee a duty is assigned, which must be well done. They are kept busy from Sunday morning, right through until the next Sunday morning. Always someone on duty.

(To be continued.)

"The Lifeboat" Toronto.—Nine men have cried to God for mercy in the last three weeks. This cheers our hearts, but it is only the beginning of what we are believing for.—Capt. Dodd.

THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Mrs. Booth Takes Command

Enthusiasm Over the New System—
Eager Anticipations—A General Ad-
vance Expected—P. A.'s Mages
and Pugh Sanguine of
Success.

Mrs. Booth's Cheering Music.—The local agents throughout the Dominion will have been cheered by the receipt of this. Every officer (for we hope every officer has enlisted), soldier, and friend who has joined our noble brigade, will be glad to know that Mrs. Booth has taken the command, and will doubtless prove our Joan of Arc, who will lead us on to victory, and will make this regiment as renowned to the Army as was the brave band who bore the same proud title to the British Army in the days of the Crimea.

Two Cents.

Don't Push Them In.—That is, the bottom of the boxes. There is a small hole perforated in the disc to allow of a pin or something of the sort to slide it round, thus opening the aperture, which can be closed in the same way when the money is extracted. The small cards should also be readjusted so as to protect the disc.

Two Cents.

Local Agents.—We are anxious to get a local agent at every corps, as in some cases the field officer has had to do the work. Mrs. Booth appreciates the interest manifested by those F. O.'s who have managed to find a little time to collect the amounts where a local agent has not been appointed. We might say something about those who have done quite differently, but "sufficient unto the day," etc.

Two Cents.

Provincial Agents.—ADJUTANT MAJOR commands the East Ontario Wing of the Brigade. The Adjutant is sanguine as to the successful issue that will follow the combined efforts of the Light Brigade when the new system is in thorough operation. Hear! Hear!

Capt. Frost, the functionary upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of making the Eastern Wing of the Brigade an honor to the whole Army, aims at nothing smaller than compelling his wing to such exploits as shall make it "the banner province." The new system is the thing, he believes. Speaks in eulogistic terms of the interest manifested by some officers, and shows on his balance sheet the unmistakable results the good influence of the F. O. when it has been exerted in the interests of the scheme.

ADJUTANT ARCHIBALD will take the command of the Pacific Coast wing. His hands are pretty full already, but the peculiar circumstances of the situation leaves the Commandant no alternative but that the Adjutant should shoulder this additional burden. The Adjutant, however, is an old warrior, and quite a tactician, and with the hearty co-operation of his "hardy outsiders" and his noble aides—the corps commanders—will show as good a return as either of the wings.

Mrs. MAJOR READ takes command of the North-West wing. We were perplexed as to how to work the scheme in this Province, when Mrs. R. came to our relief by boldly volunteering to lead on the Light Brigade troops. Who could not prophesy the issue? Look out, ye of the masculine gender, or, peradventure, the laurels you have in view may be awarded to Manitoba's woman commander.

Two Cents.

How advance without a leader? That is the great big "!" that faces us as we write, respecting the West Ontario and Central Ontario wings respectively. Cheer up, L. A.'s (in these Provinces), the Commandant has his eye open to your needs, and will soon have someone on the field.

Two Cents.

Neat Boxes.—We have received a number of these, and shall place them in the P.A.'s hands at once, who will supply L.A.'s with the same. The shipment are well executed, the design being lithographed on the tin. With a determination on the part of the L. A.'s to arouse sufficient interest in the scheme so as to ensure a return from



WITH MAJOR FRIEDRICH.

BAR-ROOMS, BUN-ROOMS, AND BEER-GARDENS abound in Antwerp, and everybody seems to drink when they are not doing anything else just at the moment. There is much room for the Salvation Army.

My next stopping place was Brussels for a few hours, and I made a hurried side trip to the battlefield of Waterloo. Under the explicit rehearsal of Sergt. Major Brown, the armies seem to rise once more to make their charges and countercharges. We thought we saw from the Dutch Lion Monument, which gives an unparalleled view of the field, the old guard of Napoleon form their squares to meet the English cavalry, and we imagine to hear the shouts of the Scotch Gray, see Napoleon standing at his headquarters to the right looking down upon the farmhouses which was so bravely held and defended by three hundred Prussians until the ammunition ran out, and the

French is overwhelming numbers

broke in through doors and windows. It was a hand-to-hand fight until the last Prussian was killed—no quarters given. Then the night came nearer, at least Blucher came. Napoleon had despatched his young guard to delay them. Clearer and clearer the allied armies draw nearer. He wants to be killed in the battle now, since defeat becomes apparent, and by force they lead him from the battlefield to retreat.

On we speed along the picturesque valley of the Meuse across the German frontier at Herbesthal. I must confess I felt somewhat peculiar when I saw the sign of the German eagle and the well-known uniform of the railroad officials: and then they all spoke

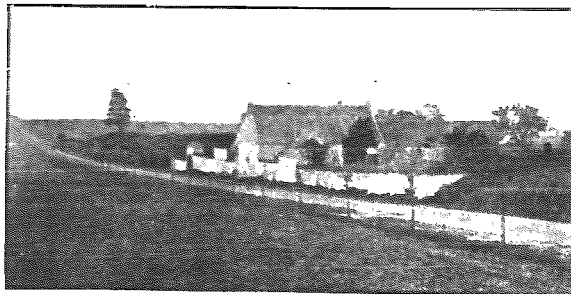
The Tongue of My Youth

and my native language, still so dear to me. My eyes feasted on every field and meadow, and with a certain charm listen to the names of the German stations called out by the conductor. My train went through the historic Aix-la-Chapelle, the favorite residence of Christmagne, and the city who witnesseth the coronation of all German Emperors (??) of the "Holy Roman Empire of the German nation."

Cologne was reached in the afternoon, and as soon as I had satisfied the claims of the body terrestrial, I had walk to the Rhine bridge, and stood looking at the waters of that patriotic river, as it seems to bring tidings of welcome from the South. Cologne was founded in the year 58, B.C., by the Ubi. I had just time for a short inspection of the world-famous cathedral, with its immense twin towers over 300 feet high, and its lofty body supported by tall, graceful pillars, the whole being built strictly in pure gothic style, conveying to the visitor a conception of the architect's desire, like Solomon, to build unto the Lord a house worthy of His name. The

Stained Glass Windows

are beautiful, chase and works of art, which are well calculated to carry the soul above



THE HISTORICAL FARM, WATERLOO BATTLEFIELD.

and his final fall. Thousands have sealed with their blood their

Love for Their Country.

and we are slow to learn the great lessons which these wars teach us. How few would fight with the same enthusiasm and sacrifice for the cause of Christ for the freedom of the soul! The power of darkness are strong and cunning, and the forces of God's church must close up ranks, and aid themselves, obedient to the one Commander-in-Chief, to overcome on these unrighteousness and the infamous liquor traffic, and other enormous evils of to-day. But I am trespassing.

every box-holder of at least TWO CENTS per week, we shall do exploits.

Two Cents.

Altogether—that's it.—We are glad to note that the Brigadiers and their staff are interested in the scheme. With the co-operation of the D.O.'s and F.O.'s, L. A.'s and box-holders, what blessings may not be brought to hundreds of souls, and not a few bodies!

What is Two Cents?

Twelve Years of Victorious Warfare.

Bad Kemp Relates Stirring Episodes in Lark's Life
Fortress—The Cure a Curry—A B.R.
Conductor Wounded by the First Shot—
Dotthey Stand?—Like a new Spring
—Large Crowds in the Open
Air—Barracks Full—Old
Veterans and Recruits
Rejoice—A Live
Treasure.

My, what a surprise! So felt the writer on Saturday evening last, as he stepped into the Hamilton I. Barracks and beheld the large crowd, both on the platform and in the audience. The surprise increased as the meeting progressed, for did we not recall the still meeting of three years ago, and also the difficulty it was to secure a crowd inside, though there never has been a time in the history of the corps that open-air did not take place.

At the kind request of Ensign Aikhead, Mrs. Southall and myself were pleased to have the privilege of spending a week-end with comrades whom we have known so long, and had spent so many happy seasons with in days gone by.

The interest manifested and the influence felt at the Sunday's meetings were

The Tokens of God's Presence,

and the results were evidence of His power. Two came forward in the holiest meeting, and testified.

It was quite natural that the afternoon meeting should take the form of a "war memories" time. Some testified to first finding the light at the Lark Hall a day or two after the opening; some ten, nine, eight years ago, and some down to the past week or so.

A gentleman present spoke of his walking carefully towards the fire on the morning of the opening, when he heard a strange noise; listened, and heard something that

Pierced His Soul,

which resulted in his being brought back to the God he had served in earlier years.

Mrs. Southall read the lesson, and recalled some facts connected with the days of her captivity at this corps. Several of these converted during her charge were present, and testified.

If the previous meetings and open-air were a surprise, it is certain that the Sunday night open-air and meeting was almost startling. One would almost think he was at a new opening. A big crowd listened eagerly to the truths spoken in the open-air, and

Responded to the Dumb Appeal

of the drum placed in the centre of the ring to the extent of two dollars. The large bar-bells began to fill up quickly on our return until it was comfortably seated. The Spirit of God backed up the truths uttered, and several anxious ones were dealt with, and although realizing their need, yet may refused to yield. One young man, however,

Boldly Left his Seat,

and found peace.

Ensign Aikhead and her aides have been much blessed in their work, and are to be congratulated in not only attending to the spiritual side of things, but in the executive ability displayed in the systematic functioning of the corps, whereby

The Rest and "Crys" are Paid in Full,

the coal for the winter gathered in, and (by this time) paid for. The live Present (Proverb) is a great help for all present and absent, all localities, leaders, men, and soldiers. United effort and faith in God is the secret of Hamilton's present position on its 12th birthday. J. F. B.

Impressions Left Upon the Newfound-landers by the General's Visit.

(Daily News, Nfld.)

The long line of torchlights that are nightly exhibited from the top to the bottom of Long's Hill was the cause of a very funny remark by an inebriate young man in the night-ago. He stood at the junction of Gower St. and Long's Hill, and when the long line of torches came in view, he took off his hat and saluted, or rather shouted, "I thought it had gone away, but no! I have eyes still in-ly fixed on the lights, I see the distance." "There he goes with a big procession behind him." "Who?" asked a by-stander. "General Booth," was the answer. "Hip, hip hooray."

Nanaimo.—We are well pleased with you, Wax Canis, in your new form, and believe the change will be appreciated here on the coast, and we pray that you may more than ever be successful in your mission of carrying light and salvation to many souls.

Good meetings Sunday. Good attendance, with one soul.

We are looking forward with great expectations to the time when we will have a visit from our beloved General, and assure him a right hearty and loyal welcome to the coast.—BANDMAN STACE.

(To be continued.)

Carleton, N.B.—We have had a grand week. Three backsliders have started and found God. We expect a number of souls.—Capt. CURRY.

Richmond Street.—Capt. Woolman, our old officer, was with us. She looks well after her rest. Good spiritual meetings.—Brother ALLEN for Capt. WISEMAN.

Springhill Mines.—During the past week, we have seen four precious souls saved, the forgiveness of God. We do not intend to stop at that.—Capt. PAISER.

Moose Jaw.—In spite of lots of mud and wind, we had a good Sunday, with three Mrs. Smyth farwelled from our midst to return to England.—Lieut. KEMP.

Liverpool.—Gae for salvation Sunday; talking for more souls. What is wanted in Liverpool is holy living and lots of hard work.—Capt. PENNEY and L. out. MORROW.

Halifax I.—One soul. On Sunday, Ensign and Mrs. Hunter and Capt. G. Mable farwelled. In the afternoon meeting, the Ensign enrolled one recruit, late of the River to Home. Two souls asking pardon.—Sergeant-Major GABRIEL.

Amherst.—After a most blessed council, led by our dear General, orders came for Amherst. I like the town already, and am in with my comrades for victory. Sunday, one soul professed to have found pardon.—Capt. PENNY.

Newcastle.—I am quite a stranger to the Was Cray. Though I have been resting for two months, seventy miles from an S. A. corp, I have eagerly watched the mail for the dear old Cray. Thank God, I am in the thick of the fight again. Singing and dancing at the barracks. New for Newcastle. Take of freedom.—Capt. HEWITT.

Castrook.—Welcome, Waterloo.—After between four and five months' fighting, on Saturday night those unwelcome farwelled orders came, and, like soldiers, we pack our trunks and go. We glaced back in thought over our short term in this place. Good-bye, Castrook; may your unweaned ones give up their sin. We unpack our trunks at the beautiful little town of Waterloo.—Capt. MOORE.

Goderich.—Along comes a letter marked "important" from the D. O. Opened it quickly, expecting something great. Also found farwelled orders. So, after spending two months in this bonnie Scotch town, we pack again and say good-bye. God bless, Ensign and Mrs. Maltby; you have been a blessing to us. Our meetings have been good, and we have seen a few come forward.—G. E. MACKENZIE and A. BRIGHTON.

Comber Circle Corps.—At No. 1, Bridge, interest and interest are growing. Singing, a few days ago, well attended. We had with us Ensign Moore and Mrs. Moore to farwelled. A nice crowd, and two soldiers were enrolled.

Staples, No. 11, Brigade, the building packed out, and deep interest. At Staples, the Captain reports huge crowds, the barracks packed out, and the windows full of listeners. Expecting an enrolment soon.—Lieut. TOOKER for Capt. N. ROSE.

Portage la Prairie.—Crowds increasing; souls saved; recruits enroll'd. Harvest Festival a grand success. We hit the target. Seven recruits took their stand for enrolment. We had a Hinduo meeting. Sergt. Jennie Gooding, from Brandon, had the control of the meeting. Barracks daintily decorated. A two-day record on the platform. She is in abundance lined the front. Soldiers quitted in true Hinduo fashion on the floor. Indian cherubs were sung. One prodigal came home.—J. E.

Brandon.—Arrived Sunday morning just in time for the day's fight. One soul at night. We have declared war.

Walden.—Ensign Lowry was Was Cray selling, interesting a soul; a man from it was heard to exclaim, "I know you. She is a good girl. Come on, boys, everybody must buy a Cav." All fell in with the proposal, and soon thirteen CAVS were disposed of, some giving over money.

It is only one of the many good traits which are to be found in the officers of these Western folk.—Capt. GRAMM.

Halifax II.—Pleasant time on Thursday, when we welcomed our new minister, Treasurer Tyler, back home with his new partner in life. No time or trouble was considered in the decorations of our little barracks with flags, banners, etc. After meeting was over, the comrades and old heroes made the preparations for the welcome supper to our soldiers and friends to show their gratitude for their return; it was heartily enjoyed. After supper, we had a few appropriate remarks from the bride and bridegroom. Ensign Smith speaking on behalf of the soldiers and friends of our corps.—W. B.

Goderich.—DEAR WAR CRY.—You come regularly to my home, and I send you pages to tell you about our picturesque town, noted for its fruit and out of Lake Huron. The majority of the people here love the

FROM THE EMERALD ISLE TO THE MINERAL LAND

BY WAY OF

The Southern Cross.

A FEW SHEETS FROM SERGT.-MAJOR REILLY'S BOOK.

Our comrade, Sergt.-Major Reilly, was born in Dublin, Ireland. His father was then serving in H. M. 41st Regiment in that city.

Soon after removing to Chatham, Eng., after twenty-four years' service, he was discharged with a pension, and removed, with his little son John, to Truro, Cornwall, Eng.

A few months after he died, leaving John in the hands of strangers at the age of five years, without father and practically without mother, for she had left him some time before. But God proved Himself to be a Father to the fatherless, and raised up kind friends for him who cared for him temporarily and, as far as they knew how, spiritually—sending him to church and Sunday school.



SERGEANT-MAJOR REILLY, Victoria, B.C.

When old enough, he was

Drafted into the Church Choir.

About this time he was placed out to lodge with the sexton, who was also junitor of the church, and one of the bell-ringers.

Johnny—as he was familiarly called—would sometimes accompany him to the practice, and as it was customary to have a drink of beer at those times, he was sent for it and treated to some with the others. He began to like it, but God stopped him before he had gone far on the downward road that leads to a drunkard's doom.

He was about thirteen years of age at the time a little incident occurred, which, in a measure, controlled his actions as far as the drink is concerned, for the rest of his life.

One day the minister of the parish sent him with some

Wine for a Sick Woman.

He had about a mile to go, but he tasted it so many times on the way that when he arrived at his destination there was not

Army, and look to your pages week after week as to how the chariot is rolling on in other places. We are sorry to hear the General is not coming here, but our town bids him welcome to Canada.

Good time at Clifton. Brigadier and Mrs. Margette and Ensign Maltby led on. Capt. Richardson in good fighting trim.

I went to Beaufort, the District Headquarters. Had a very pleasant time. Lieut. Bryan helped me in the meetings. Ensign went to Bayfield. Mrs. Maltby was a help and blessing to me.

much left. "Be sure your sin will find you out" was verified in his case, for the reverend gentleman was informed of the fact of the small quantity of wine that arrived. So John got into serious trouble, the inevitable "licking" included. But God, Who can bring good out of evil, overruled this incident for our comrade's good. He made the resolve that, although it was the first trouble that drink had brought him into, it should be the last.

The first penny he received after that he inherited in a Band of Hope pledge card. It still hangs up in the kitchen, dated July 12th, 1888. It was a glorious 12th of July for him, for God has enabled him to keep that pledge up to the present day. The card he prizes very much. To show how inconsistent, unscientific human nature can be, the very person who gave Johnny the "licking" for drinking the poor woman's wine was the first to offer him a glass of beer to drink after he had signed the pledge.

About this time our dear General, then

The Rev. William Booth,

Methodist New Connection Minister, was holding revival services in Truro.

John was taken by some friends to hear him preach. The sermon did not effect

on the matter. Mrs. Margette dealt mainly with the progress of the Army in "Durkett England," which was in almost every instance at first heavily impeded, but showed its final victory brought about by the unwearied zeal and complete consecration of the workers, to the uplifting of the masses in the more thickly populated districts. The limited time at the speaker's disposal only allowed her to touch on experiences, first as a cadet, and afterwards as one of the senior women officers of a district in the Army, finally at her various stations in Ontario and the North-West. The lady is an easy, but most impressive speaker, and a more detailed account of her warfare could not fail to interest. Come again, Mrs. Margette.

Trinity.—God raised a few people from the dead here. Now they are doing their best helping to raise others.

The "Salvationist," with a number of officers and cadets on board, going to their stations, paid us a visit. It was time. Big crowd at the open-air and indoors. The wind being ahead the following day, the "Salvationist" had to stay. At night we did all we could to help souls into the Kingdom. We came up with one for our comrade's consent. This morning, the "Salvationist" and her jolly crew left here for her next port.—Capt. NEWMAN.

Barlin. Galt brass and string band to the front Saturday and Sunday. Be it known the Galt band stands second to none in Canada for spirituality. The march was stirring one, but the almost ankle deep. I heard the captain compare it to parakee batter. Most of the old timers were there—the old reliable, McDougall, Bascraft, and McMillan, and many others I might mention.

A splendid musical program was given. Bandmaster Pord, with his cornet and banjo, and other ditto, with mouth-organs, and guitarists. Said Lily McBride and Lieut. Bascraft sang several duets with autoharp. One soul sought Christ. Mr. Thompson, the colored brother, and Bandmaster Bascraft, almost did a little jig, they were so happy. Good heavy firing. The band boys strive to aim at the people's hearts instead of shooting over their heads. Some were noticed weeping.—ONE WHO WAS THERE.

Bird Island Cove.—About three months ago, as I was out visiting one afternoon, a message came to me to go and see a young man who was sick; so with a heart full of love to God and anxious to lend a helping hand to any poor sufferer, I followed my guide up a lane that led to a large white house. There I found a poor Christ-rejector, suffering most on account of his sins. I pleaded with him, and soon we were alone upon our knees, while he poured out his heart to God. He professed to find salvation; and also the one who came for me got into the fountain, and we had great rejoicing. This week, the whole place has been in an uproar over this same lad escaping through a window in his father's house, just after midnight, to see his life over something that nobody knows anything about. His parents are almost frantic. Up to date, his body has not been found. Sad, sad.—Lieut. THOMPSON.

St. Johns to Bonaville.—Where to now? Oh, to Bonaville. Why, what has happened? Well, I have just been farwelled from St. Johns I, after a term of almost eighteen months, during which time I have felt and seen many out-pourings of the Spirit of God.

Wednesday morning I boarded the "Virginia Lake," which steamed me off to my future appointment in St. Johns, and five female officers and a sergeant aboard, bound north. The weather was calm, but cold, with a nice ripple on the face of the water. Quite pleasant sailing to Harbor Grace.

Western B. I. reached all right; not sick yet. As we sailed to Trinity, while eating supper, I noticed a couple of officers leave the table, and very soon I had to retire too.

Soon Trinity was reached. Capt. Newman, the officer in charge, stepped up and informed me that the "Salvationist" was still there on account of contrary winds. The Captain was very kind, and he reckoned that it was an ill wind that didn't blow them away. Capt. Parsons and Capt. Goeling, assisted by the rest of the officers, had to get two meetings, and made a catch of what they told me was "a fine big fish."

Nearly the whole day was spent in getting from Trinity to Catalina, only twenty miles. The sea was rough, the wind rather contrary, and I got such a tossing, and lay overboard in the arms of that strange sensation which creates queasiness. The greater part of the boys were sick, and one in particular, who was accustomed to sea life for eleven years, had to give in to its fury.

After my first walk of ten miles we reached Bonaville, sick and weary, but happy in the Lord. Just after our arrival here we had a terrific rain and wind storm; in the wind howled and the rain poured; the sea tossed about and foamed, and raged so violently that those in possession of flying boats and schooners entertained grave fears of being either swamped or broken by the violence of the maddened sea, so accordingly put to the bay so that if the like did occur, they might, by some means, save something; but the storm abated.—Capt. PAYNE.

How about the home corps? Brigadier Margette's meetings were a success.

Here is a clipping from the Coderich Star:—

There was not a large audience at the S. A. barracks last Tuesday night, to hear Mrs. Brigadier Margette relate some of her experiences in the S. A. work, but those who were present enjoyed it very much. The lady commenced by paying a high tribute to Godrich, having been much benefited by her stay of some weeks here, and her wide traveling experiences proved her no mean authority

(To be continued.)

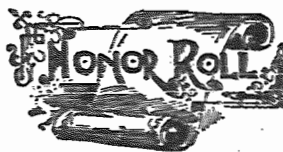
PREPARE! ☆

FRIDAY - NIGHT - HOLINESS - MEETINGS!

Jubilee Hall, Albert St.

COMMANDANT and MRS. BOOTH

* * * LEADING. * * *



Sergeant Henderson, Ottawa (two weeks)	276
Mrs. Kings Moore, Windsor, Ont.	58
Capt. Fraser, Springfield, Minn.	58
Bert. Mrs. Brown, Lippstadt	57
J. Hartwick	47
Sergeant McDougall, Colorado	42
Capt. G. Wall, Windsor, Ont.	36
Edna Moore, Windsor, Ont.	36
Mrs. Brumfield, Trenton	36
Lieutenant Brown, Colorado	36
Sister Brown, Vancouver	36
Sister T. Smith, Vancouver	36
Sister Brown, Vancouver	36
Sister T. Smith, Vancouver	36
Mrs. Brumfield, Trenton	36
Oliver Moore, Washington	19

THANKS.

The Commandant desires to gratefully acknowledge the following Gifts and Donations towards the Social War:

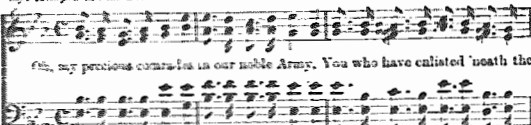
St. John's, N.B. Home, Lady Thibault, \$2 and
 \$100; Mr. Murray, \$1; Mr. Simpson, \$2; Mrs. P.
 Morrison, \$1; Mrs. W. P. Day, sugar; Mrs. Sgt. Eddy,
 cake, fruit, meat, eggs and table linen; Mr. Barry,
 Groceries; Mrs. H. Henderson, \$1; Captain Pym, meat;
 Doctor Hallahan, fruit of flour; Mr. Grahame,
 groceries and meat; Mrs. Hutchings, 1 doz. eggs; Mrs.
 Andrews, loaf of bread; Mrs. B. Bell, groceries; Mr. J.
 Mess, 20c, and a tub of butter; Mr. Bayden, 10 lbs. of
 tea and 1 lb. of coffee; Mr. McPherson, \$1; Miss
 McCortney, 20c; Mr. W. Campbell, meat and turnips;
 H. J. Duder, \$1; C. Stewart, 10 lbs. of flour; D. Morrison,
 groceries; Mrs. Cook, loaf of bread; Mrs. A. Diamond,
 1 pot of preserves.

St. John's, N.B. Home, - Mrs. B. - \$1;
 Mr. McNeill, \$1; Emma Galt, \$1; Ben. Hargrave,
 \$1; Mr. Robinson, \$1; Mr. Vanwart, meat; A well-
 wisher, \$1; Mrs. Belya, vegetables; Robinson,
 \$1; Mrs. Bell, 1 doz. eggs and 1 doz. butter; S. S. S.
 & W. S. S., 1 doz. eggs; Mr. McPherson, cotton.

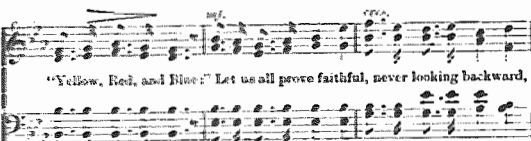
Never go back on Jesus.

Words and music by SERGT. MAJOR REILLY, (VICTORIA, B. C.)

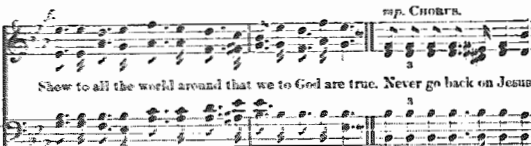
mf. Allegro Moderato.



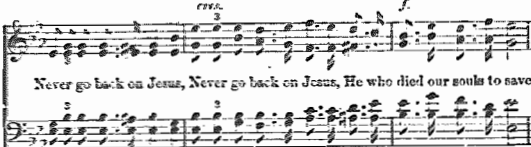
Oh, my precious comrades in our noble Army, You who have enlisted 'neath the



"Yellow, Red, and Blue" Let us all prove faithful, never looking backward,



Show to all the world around that we to God are true. Never go back on Jesus,



Never go back on Jesus, Never go back on Jesus, He who died our souls to save.

Satan often whispers,—"You are far too forward,
 Let some other comrade do the work, and you stand by."
 Never to him listen, he is still the devil,
 Draw your sword and onward go, and all hell's hosts defy.

Should a comrade waver whom you fully trusted,
 Pray for him, and agonize before the Throne of Grace;
 Never be discouraged, manfully press onward,
 All who to the end endure shall see His blessed face.

(See photo and life-sketch, page 11.)

RECONCILIATION * WEEK.

TUNE—Death
is coming.
(B. J. 17.)I
Courage, comrade,
do not waver,

God can keep us all,
 Only trust Him as your Saviour,
 Always on Him call.

CHORUS.

Fight for God, Salvation Soldiers,
 Praise His holy name;
 If we fight and are but faithful,
 We with Him shall reign.

Oh, backslider, come to Jesus,
 Where you once found rest,
 For the driving Spirit comes,
 His way is the best.

Come then, sinner, to the fountain
 Of the blessed Lamb;
 Leave sin's dark and stormy mountain
 For this glorious calm.

GEO. J. MACQUEEN, Dartmouth, N.S.

TUNE—What a Friend we have in Jesus.
(B. J. 28.)

2 Precious Jesus, Thou has promised
 Power to every soul to give;
 Put Thy power within me, Jesus,
 Power, that I like Thee may live.
 Lord, for this power is craving,
 Oft I long for this within,
 For without it I am useless;
 Give me power, some souls to win.

CHORUS.

Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus.

Now, with mighty holy fire,
 Jesus, now Thy servant I;
 At this moment I surrender
 What's contrary to Thy will.
 Now refining fire is falling,
 Purifying even me,
 Cleansing me from every hindrance,
 At this moment I am free.

SARAT. MAY LANG, Peterboro'.

TUNE—We'll all shout hallelujah. (B. J. 26.)

3 Many years ago, you know,
 In this Army we love so,
 There appeared a paper published for the war,
 And its fame has spread around
 Through our cities and our towns,
 For the War Cry has travelled wide and far.

CHORUS.

WAR CRY, come and buy a WAR CRY,
 Buy one for your neighbor, too,
 For the price is very low, only half a dime,
 you know;
 Buy a WAR CRY, and be sure you read it
 through.

In this WAR CRY you will find
 Blessed news of every kind;
 Every column has a word of truth and power,
 For you read of men once lost
 Being cleansed from all the past,
 Now they're telling out God's praises day by day.

If you don't believe it's true
 Buy a WAR CRY and read it through,
 Then I'm sure you'll be convinced of what I
 say.

For there's many through the WAR CRY
 Have been heard to sing for joy,
 Now they're telling out God's praises day by day.

ROBT. C. GOODCHILD, Bandman, St. Thomas.

TUNE—Blessed Land. (B. J. 169.)

4 I stayed away from Christ, my Lord,
 And would not have Him for my God,
 Until I heard a voice which said,
 On Me thy many sins were laid.

CHORUS.

He saved my soul, He saved my soul,
 And bade me be completely whole;
 Although His love I oft had spurned,
 And from my Jesus I had turned,
 When I was willing to be free,
 My gracious Saviour pardoned me.

My heart was touched by Jesus' love,
 I felt the need of Christ my Lord;
 Then to my Father's Cross I came,
 And left with Him my guilt and shame.

Poor sinner, Jesus died to save
 All who are now by sin enslaved;
 If to Him you will come, I know
 He'll cleanse your heart as white as snow.

TUNE—Over Jordan. (B. J. 17.)

5 We are saved from all our sin,
 The devil is out and Christ is in,
 And we know that we shall win,
 Hallelujah!

We have left the path of wrong,
 And to Christ we do belong;
 We have victory all along,
 Hallelujah!

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, hallelujah!
 We have given up all for Him,
 Who has saved us from our sin;
 Hallelujah, hallelujah!
 We are fighting for the King,
 Hallelujah!

Now we are happy all the day,
 And we love to speak and pray,
 Since our sins are washed away,
 Hallelujah!

We are walking in the light,
 And we are in for doing right,
 We shall conquer in the fight,
 Hallelujah!

Some say we are not all right,
 But, thank God, we have got the light,
 And we do enjoy the fight,
 Hallelujah!

We're as happy as can be
 Since the Lord has set us free;
 We're in for victory,
 Hallelujah!

CAPTAIN BETHUNE, Tilt Cove.

TUNE—Oh, happy day. (B. J. 6.)

6 Oh, happy day, when first I came,
 And fully trusted in His name;
 He gave me peace and joy within,
 And now, thank God, I'm saved from sin.

CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day, when Jesus washed
 my sins away;
 He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing every day;
 Happy day, happy day, when Jesus washed
 my sins away.

'Twas on a blessed Sunday night,
 When in my soul there came a light;
 That light shines still within my soul,
 And tells me that I am made whole.

And now I live to do His will,
 And mean to follow Jesus still,
 And try my best to show the way
 To others who have gone astray.

"FORT WILLIAM."

TUNE—Oh, where do you journey, my brother!

7 My sins once rose high as a mountain,
 My heart was once hard as a stone,
 But since I have been to the fountain,
 My Saviour I now call my own.
 The chains that did bind me are broken,
 My fetters are all cast aside;
 The word to go free has been spoken,
 And Jesus does with me abide.

CHORUS.

My title for heaven is clear,
 My title for heaven is clear;
 My name in now written in glory,
 And soon its delights I shall share.

His smile cheers me onward to glory,
 His voice sounds so sweet to my soul,
 And now I will tell out the story
 That Jesus has made my heart whole.

There's freedom, there's life, and there's
 beauty
 In living and loving my God;
 'Tis love that compels me, not duty,
 To walk in the steps that He trod.

SALVATION SOLDIERS AND SINNERS

The sinner is careless and bends not his way,
 He drinks of life's pleasures his fill,
 But the paths that he follows lead downward
 to death.

Both the body and soul do they kill,
 The glittering pleasures that tempt the best
 Will vanish and die with your night,
 So come to the fold, and we'll welcome you
 all.

Come in from the darkness of night.

The Shepherd stands waiting with outstretched
 arms
 He is standing on Zion's bright hill,
 And He sends forth His soldiers to point out
 the way.

All can come home if they only will,
 The valley of sin, with its devious paths,
 Leads only to death and despair;
 Oh, will you not climb from the filth of this
 world.

To a region ending and fair?

Oh, how shall I tell you of heaven above!
 Its glories no tongue can describe!
 But the Kingdom of God will yet govern the
 earth.

It will rule every nation and tribe,
 So onward, ye soldiers! Salvation cry,
 And save all you're able from death,
 And to Father and Son, and the Spirit in God.

We'll give praise with our best, shining
 breath.

CHAS. F. VASS.